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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Statement of Facts respecting the Cause of SMITH v. THE EARL OF FERRERS, tried before Mr. Justice Wightman in Westminster Hall, on the 14th, 16th, 17th, and 18th days of February, 1846; with an Examination of the Speech for the Defendant of the late Attorney-General, Sir Frederick Thesiger. By MARY ELIZABETH SMITH, the Plaintiff. London, 1846. Ollivier.

The Romance of Real Life revealed in the remarkable trial to which this pamphlet relates must be familiar to every reader. Probably to those at a distance from the scene of conflict the disclosures of the young lady's anonymous letters were deemed to be conclusive of a deliberate attempt on her part either to obtain money from the noble defendant or to avenge herself for some supposed slight. For our own part we must say, that having heard the trial, marked the manner of the witnesses, inspected the letters alleged to have been written by the noble defendant, very considerable doubt remained upon our mind whether, after all, they were not written by him or for him, although unquestionably she also was guilty of folly and falsehood. And that impression is strengthened by the perusal of this pamphlet.

That Miss MARY ELIZABETH SMITH is a very clever girl was apparent from the whole history of the affair, and if any confirmation were wanting, it is amply found in this pamphlet, written, as she avows, in self-vindication. Her anonymous letters to the noble earl were no ordinary compositions, and the writing here would not discredit the most practised author. It is graceful, energetic, and forcible, and if she speaks as she writes, she would have conducted her own case much better than it was conducted by her counsel.

That Viscount TAMWORTH did make love to Miss SMITH when a schoolboy there can be no doubt; that upon this she built ambitious air-castles with visions of a coronet and wealth, is equally certain. But whether these love passages were renewed after he was old enough to have a mind of his own is a secret which will probably never be rightly known. Miss SMITH, on the one side, positively asserts that he did; he, on the other hand, declares that he did not. This was the issue raised at the trial. The evidence on her part was a bundle of letters, which, in their handwriting as well as in their substance, appeared to be the productions of Earl FERRERS. His defence was that they were forgeries by the plaintiff. But so ingenious and real were they, that they

would scarcely have been rejected but for the production of some anonymous letters in the handwriting of Miss SMITH addressed to the noble plaintiff, and on the face of them apparently altogether inconsistent with the sort of relationship between them which his letters, if real, went to prove.

To both of these points Miss SMITH addresses herself in her defence. She dates her pamphlet from Syerscote Manor, in Warwickshire. She opens with a preface in which she says that the result of the trial occasioned her a dreadful shock; but having recovered from its first stunning effects:—

I feel it no less due to myself than to the public at large to lay before them this plain statement of facts, accompanied by such comments on the speech in which Sir Frederick Thesiger sought to crush me, that I cannot but feel more than justified in making this attempt to defend my character; and if I should seem to some to have been betrayed into a harshness of expression, I do earnestly hope that an English public will extend their kind indulgence, and perhaps some sympathy of feeling towards a girl oppressed by a consciousness of a cruel injustice done her, and utterly bereft of other means of defending either herself or a beloved parent from so powerful and pitiless an attack. And I do trust this will, in some degree, counteract the effects arising from that speech, as regards my family and myself; and the reader will imagine, though the task may seem arduous, how great the temptation is to endeavour to clear my character from the aspersions that have been so gratuitously cast upon it in this late unhappy transaction.

She commences with an account, in somewhat of the "romantic young lady fashion," of her first acquaintance with Earl FERRERS, then Lord TAMWORTH:—

In the year 1839 Viscount Tamworth resided with Mr. Echallaz, the then curate of Austrey. I was at that time about fourteen years old, his lordship might be seventeen; I had it from his own lips that he was three years older than myself. We became acquainted with each other at this period, and, until the time I went to school, were in the habit of meeting frequently; he professing an attachment for me, which I on my part returned. We used to walk much together, and at this time many persons in the village of Austrey were cognisant of the fact; and I believe would, had their testimony been of avail, have been ready to come forward to prove meeting us together. Lord Tamworth made to me the most sincere declarations of apparently unalterable and unchangeable attachment. I believed his assertions, and in my turn became deeply attached to him. I communicated my feelings to my parents, and the consequence was, they immediately, and much to my vexation, sent me to school. I parted from Lord Tamworth, and the last view I had, for a long time, of his most idolised and well-remembered countenance was on the

morning of my departure. He stood, with his cloak wrapped round him, some little distance from our gate. Ay, and tears were shed for him, which, parting from my parents, nor my home, much as they and it were loved, could not call forth; I then felt, for the first time, what anguish was. Soon after I went to school Lord Tamworth left Austrey. His guardian removed him suddenly from Mr. Echallaz, much (as I understood) to his annoyance. He then travelled abroad, with a person of the name of Greville; so at least, afterwards, the person, who I believe to be Lord Ferrers, informed me. He returned home in the year 1842, and the month after his return I met with a gentleman, who addressed me as Earl Ferrers, and whom, from my recollection of Viscount Tamworth's countenance, I believed to be him. He asked me, reproachfully, if I did not remember him? I replied that I did—that I was perfectly satisfied. He was in deep mourning, and mentioned the death of his grandfather. He told me he had never forgotten me, and was now come for the purpose of assuring me how much he loved me, and to know if I retained my former feelings for him. My reply was that I did. He expressed his delight—his satisfaction; and swore nothing earthly should prevent our union.

Her only doubt is whether she was imposed upon by some person passing himself as Earl FERRERS. This is not impossible, but it is very improbable, and conscious of the weakness of such a defence, she goes at some length into reasons apparently convincing why the gentleman in deep mourning could have been no other than the earl himself. But she does not tell us why, after the earl had denied the assertion, she did not contrive to procure a sight of him and satisfy herself whether he was indeed her "gentleman in black" or not.

One of the most striking failures of her case was the evidence of her young sister, who swore that on the day of a certain fair she had seen Earl FERRERS in the parlour at her father's house with her sister; whereas it was distinctly proved that on that day the noble earl was travelling in another part of the country. Miss SMITH energetically seeks to vindicate her sister's veracity; but if the whole story be not a fabrication, it follows that the man the sister had seen at the house was not Earl FERRERS, but somebody else—doubtless the gentleman in black who was palming himself upon her as the grown-up person of her boy lover.

So far there is no great difficulty in the case. The supposition of an impostor would explain everything. But then there are the letters which even the most intimate friends of his lordship believed to be in his handwriting, and which contain statements that seem impossible to have been forged, or to have come from anybody but himself. Of these still most mysterious documents Miss SMITH gives the following account:

I solemnly declare letters were received by me, the very letters that have appeared in the journals of the day, until the period of my Lord Ferrer's marriage; nay, even after that marriage the deception was continued; and letters purporting to come from Mr. Shirley were received and wept over by me. And one or two days after the last of these epistles was brought to me, my mother, going to Ashby for the purpose of dismissing for the present (as she had been advised in the note purporting to come from Mr. Shirley) the maid whom she had procured for me, there learned that Earl Ferrers, on the preceding Tuesday, had married. And it was the painful task of that mother to inform her daughter that her hopes were blighted for ever, her affection scorned and slighted, by the treachery of one for whom, had it been necessary, she would, at that time, have laid down her life. Yes! in one hour every feeling of my heart was crushed—and for ever! I lived to know myself deserted by the one whom neither poverty, disgrace, nor affliction could have made me desert. But for whom was I thus deserted?—the affection of years was thrown away, despised for the acquaintance of two months! My pen even now trembles in my hand as I record this most painful circumstance. "Oh! why did he not tell me himself that he cared not for me," was my incessant murmur. Why lead on

to the last, but to betray? Why, through the medium of strangers and the public prints, leave me to learn my fate, and his treachery? Yet thus it was, and with my bridal attire prepared, and bridesmaids invited, was I left to be a laughing-stock to my acquaintance. But my spirit was too proud to quail beneath their contumely; I called back every failing energy, and not a tear, either by friends or acquaintance, was seen to dim my eye, or a sigh heard to escape my lips. * * * My grandfather immediately ordered a writ to be issued against his lordship, who was found to be in London. My father then copied the letters I possessed, and sent them to Mr. Hamel. His lordship, upon being informed that an action was commenced against him, replied that he knew no one of the name of Smith.

And we still must confess to very serious doubts as to these letters. Great as is Miss SMITH's talent, we cannot think she could possibly have invented compositions so truthful in substance, and through whole pages of close writing, with interlineations and crossings, have preserved so faithful a copy of an uncommon handwriting, that the forgery should not be discoverable by the most practised eyes. Such wonderful power of imitation may be within the limits of possibility; but so improbable that we should prefer to accept any explanation to giving to it credence. Nor, indeed, if the case had rested here, could there have been a doubt of the result. Miss SMITH supplied the material for her own discomfiture. The letters were discredited because she had written other letters inconsistent with her story, that she was, at the time they were written, actually under contract of marriage with the noble earl. She, however, does not attempt to shirk the difficulty; she admits the authorship of the anonymous letters, and the fact that she had denied them to be hers, and for both these acts of folly she expresses bitter, and we hope sincere, repentance. But this is apart from the merits of the case itself. This is her account of those remarkable letters, and the interest of the extract must excuse its length:—

I will now, for the present, leave this subject, which, I confess, I cannot dwell upon without feeling great pain—pain that I should have so deeply erred; pain, that after circumstances should confirm so powerfully that first minute feeling of contempt (swallowed up as it was then by far stronger feelings), that now, in all its force, militates against the destroyer of my peace. In the next letter, a handkerchief is mentioned; and a little before this, I sent to Lord Ferrers a handkerchief marked with the letter F. in hair, accompanied by a note, to which my mother saw the signature. Here I must turn to the address of the learned counsel—learned, indeed!—for the defendant, "and I had, besides the four anonymous letters, which were the only ones which had been saved, as I told you, from destruction;" again, "only four, after the most careful search, could be found." I do not for one instant doubt that more than four could be found, not even in the closet, where my lord is said to have locked up every scrap of his writing (for what reason may be readily imagined), at the commencement of the late action. Nor, had they continued their very profitable search, till doomsday, would more than four have been discovered, and for this simple reason, that more than four were never sent. But these four were amply sufficient. Why were not all my numerous letters to his lordship kept and produced also? Because my name was appended to them, and they would have blasted the cause set up on the part of the defendant; yes, they were destroyed because they were not anonymous. Oh, how ingeniously has the learned counsel got up his defence; like a lady's soiled robe, cleansed and purified by water until it appears of so pure a white that no one would have believed that it had ever been blemished, so beautifully "go up," by the dexterous hands of the blanchouse; even so the ex-Attorney-General, with more than his accustomed ingenuity, has purified the unclean case which rested in his hands, and has given to the view of the public an apparently unsoiled robe; if soiled, the soiled part is hidden by such capacious and beautiful folds of seeming purity, that it is hard to an inexperienced eye to find a spot or stain. Carefully, gently will I examine each fold. And

why were the other letters burnt, why keep only four? Were they not all equally precious? No; he loved the anonymous letters with a love far surpassing the answers to his own letters; and because he did know, and must contemplate being called upon to give an account of the wrong he had committed, did he keep the four letters (with which he told me he had lighted his pipe) for the purpose of setting aside the righteous plea put in against him: and he succeeded, for we were nonsuited! Nonsuited through an act of folly, of weakness, of childishness, committed by me, and which I shall repent for ever! I do not hesitate to say that I wrote the four anonymous letters; circumstances compel me to acknowledge that they were the productions of my pen. The first was written with the hope of inducing Lord Ferrers to come to the Tamworth ball; as he promised, when at Austrey, he would meet me at the first ball I went to there, and thus be introduced to my parents. I had only then seen him twice since his return, and I could not summon courage to ask him myself to meet me; I therefore wrote anonymously, thinking that the exaggerated statement I had made in that letter, would be sufficient inducement to bring him. I was urged to write the two next letters from a circumstance communicated to me by a then intimate friend, who afterwards was not satisfied only to give up my letters, but was in court ready to appear against me. On his lordship, or the person I believe to be him, shewing me the first anonymous letter, and not recognising my handwriting, I asked him what he should do with that letter? His reply was, that he should light his pipe with it. Thus I ventured to write to him again, when provoked to it, by the following circumstance being related to me by my friend. She stated that Lord Ferrers was not only engaged to the daughter of an eminent Chancery lawyer, but that it was even thought probable that he would marry a common girl at Stafford, whom he was then noticing. My object in writing this letter was, to try if it were possible that this might be true; for if his lordship could entertain an affection for so many at once, my plot for convicting him of his infidelity might be successful; hence the assertion that the letter came from one unknown to him. The person purporting to be his lordship then remarked, that though the writing resembled mine, he could not believe it possible I should write to him in such a strain; and I did not acknowledge it, from being too much ashamed of what I had done to own these letters. And supposing that they had all shared the same fate that he assured me the first had, I did not scruple to deny their existence to Mr. Hamel; thus casting a stain upon my name which I fear no after event will ever efface, and had in consequence to submit to a nonsuit! What was meant as a mere girlish frolic, has proved a misfortune of the deadliest kind. The ex-Attorney-General, with his inimitable ingenuity, endeavours to shew why the writing the mere "yes" or "no," was wished for in reply to this letter, signed "A.B." "Oh! you cannot doubt now! I should be discrediting your intelligence and acuteness, if I were to venture for one moment to suggest the reason why she desired to possess some of Lord Ferrers' handwriting." Yet this letter he proves to bear the mark of: "Monday," he fixes it on the 25th of March, 1844; and withal he insinuates that the handwriting was wanted for the purpose of being copied! The learned counsel must, for the moment, have forgotten, surely, that the date of the first letter put in by us was February 11, 1844; and that on the night it was received it was proved by Mr. Smith to have been seen by him. So that to be able to write that letter (so like the handwriting of my lord that witnesses have sworn it to be his) I must then have possessed his genuine writing. Yes and possessed it in February! Thus this benevolent assumption of the learned counsel defeats itself, and he stands convicted of insinuating a grave charge against me—no less than that of heinous forgery—with such reckless carelessness, that the stupidity never struck him of imputing to me that I endeavoured to obtain in March the means of forging a letter in February. One is left in doubt whether to admire most the charity or sagacity of this accomplished gentleman. I am accused (Heaven, myself, and a few other individuals, know how falsely) of the forgery of the whole of the letters alleged to be my lord Ferrers', and sent to me as such; therefore, I must have had some of his handwriting, or how could I, or any one else, have written letters, aye, and long letters, too! so similar

to his lordship's hand, as to be believed to be his by his friends and relatives? This was an oversight of the learned counsel's—his acuteness is here at fault; but these anonymous letters, oh! I blush to speak of them. It was the foolish frolic of a foolish girl, who can (and she thinks that is proved plainly) have but little claim to the possession of a mind "so far advanced beyond her years" as the ex-Attorney-General thinks it serviceable to his case to endow her with; say, rather, a want of reflection, a want of judgment, aye, a want of sense even those letters show her to possess, rather than a matured mind. Think you not that if I had been capable of forming a plot, vile, ingenious as this would have been, were it a plot (but that I can say, and say truly, on my part, it is not)—think you that I should not have been capable also of ending it in a manner different to this? Think you that a girl with a mind far advanced beyond her years, would have been such a simpleton as to connive at her own ruin, and, without any conceivable motive, raise a fabric of falsehood, which must inevitably destroy her in its downfall, and brand her name with everlasting disgrace? Nor was I allowed to remain in ignorance of the fatal effects which would be visited upon me, as well as those who are dearest to me, if I persisted in any deviation from the truth. As to those facts upon which the action was brought, so far back as the 10th of January, 1845, Mr. Hamel wrote me a kind and private letter, in which he not only conjured me to tell the whole truth, but offered, if I would own that the letters were my own, to extricate me without discredit. Though I do so wholly without Mr. Hamel's knowledge, I think it right to transcribe the following passage of his letter, as it will not only prove how thoroughly the way was opened for me to retrieve my error, and escape from destruction, but it is also due to Mr. Hamel's wantonly-assailed character, that I should no longer conceal it. "I shall know (he says) how to set to the greatest advantage. If there be nothing available that is true, I can devise a safe plan of backing out without loss of credit. Let me know the worst, and that fearlessly. At the same time, remember that I do not wish you to assert that the letters are not Lord Ferrers' writing, if you believe the contrary. Of course I do not wish you to say anything the one way or the other, that you don't know of your own certain knowledge. Do not, I beseech you, impeach any, even the meanest individual inadvertently, in order to give a colour to anything you may wish to be believed. I implore you, by all that is sacred, to conceal nothing, and to remember that the most honourable, the most laudable, and the most equitable and just course you can now pursue, is to correct any mis-statement you may have made; the only thing you can do with propriety is to repair an error if you have in any way committed one. Whatever you may say to me in reply to this letter, I must, after the warnings I have given you, receive implicitly as truth, and act upon it as such, and if it prove faulty, the consequence, however fatal, must fall upon you. If I find anything wrong afterwards, of course I must throw up the case, and leave you, without hope, to the mercy of the world. I urge all this upon you with the ardent sincerity of a friend who would snatch you from the brink of a precipice, and save you from the worst of all calamities." Nor was this all. On the very night before the trial commenced, I received from Sir Fitzroy Kelly and my other counsel a warning, expressed in the strongest terms, that if there were any sort of deception or reservation practised by me in this case, nothing could prevent its detection, and the immediate loss of my cause; but that if it were so, some mode would be easily adopted of withdrawing the action, and of protecting me from any discredit; that, at any rate, the abandonment of all proceedings against my Lord Ferrers must be immeasurably less painful than the public degradation to myself, the frightful injury to my family, which must result from the inevitable discovery of any fraud on my part. How can you conceive it possible that a person not utterly devoid of all sense and reason, who had received those warnings I have just mentioned, with that of the most talented counsel in England, and who had had such an opportunity afforded to her of escape, should have thus rushed on to what inevitably must be her ruin, incurring serious expense to her friends, and infamy to herself, with no possibility of any benefit, and certain mortification of every feeling of self-respect, unless she felt secure in her own innocence, and the perfect truthfulness of her cause? And



yet Sir Frederic Thesiger gives me credit for matchless cunning and ability. The motives which made me stoop to duplicity with regard to the presents of my lordly lover, whom I then regarded as my future husband, namely, to save him from the remarks that would be passed upon him by my parents, no longer existed. My own credit and character were then alone at stake; every consideration prompting me to act purely according to the truth, and the strongest of all motives forbidding deception. In November last I had another opportunity of retracting, when the cause was to have come on, but was postponed, owing to the pressure of business in the Court of Westminster. The ex-Attorney-General is constantly magnifying my poor abilities. Why, if a woman's abilities had been half what he gives me credit for, she would easily have brouched her brow with a more lasting coronet than ever graced the brow of any peeress in the realm! What need to stoop so low as to forge letters?—to be the authoress of a conspiracy against the man she may be supposed some time to have loved? Oh, it was an assumption, unworthy of any but the one who thus daringly assumes it. Let the ex-Attorney-General learn that I as fearlessly deny what he so fearlessly asserts—namely, that these letters, which I believe to be the production of my Lord Ferrers, are my writing. And now I will proceed, as well as I am able, to shew the weight of the learned counsel's most fearless assertion. * * * I must here remark, that if I am gifted with the talent the ex-Attorney-General bestows on me, or indeed with the commonest share of it, and had really forged letters which I wished to pass off upon a London jury as the letters of an earl, is it likely that I should have expressed them in bad grammar, and in the uncouth style in which they are written?—is it likely that I should have penned them upon scraps of paper, and have grudgingly sixpennyworth of satin post, to give them at least the outward appearance of what I professed them to be? Supposing them to be forgeries, and the whole affair a conspiracy, as Sir Frederic Thesiger asserts, would it not have been easy to have dropped at least one of them in the neighbouring post-office, where the Chartley letters are usually posted, so as to have given it the appearance of coming from Lord Ferrers? These would have been the natural resources of the guilty attempt laid to my charge; instead of which, every one will see that the letters could not in any respect have been made less to resemble what would have been likely to pass as his genuine compositions.

It must be admitted that there is a great deal of force in these arguments, and that they add immensely to the perplexity in which the question was left.

She vindicates her mother with creditable earnestness, and she thus meets the charge of a deliberate plot:—

What does the ex-Attorney-General remark at the conclusion of his perusal of the first anonymous letter? "This artful girl, deceiving some, assisted, I fear, by others, has been contriving, from the beginning to the end, a scheme of the most arrant falsehood, and of the grossest and most scandalous iniquity; and that but for the various accidental circumstances which have intervened to show where the truth is, and to protect justice and right, Lord Ferrers would have fallen a victim to the snares with which he was encompassed; his honour blasted, his reputation gone, and what would have been of trifling importance, his wealth invaded by this infamous attempt to forge and to fasten an engagement upon him?" I ask by whom assisted? And I challenge any, aye, every individual living, to bring proof of having assisted me in getting up this assumed fraud. And if any one person in this world can conscientiously swear they have assisted, then let them come forth and prove my guilt; but I know it is not in the power of mortal man truly to accuse me of any such vile act, much more to say he has assisted in the assumed scheme against my Lord Ferrers. And will not any one acknowledge I must be gifted with almost supernatural power, to be able of myself to fabricate the whole, to forge three distinct hands, and to call up by the power of that spell I must be assumed to possess, the shape of my Lord Ferrers for the purpose that witnesses should, months after, swear having seen him with myself? Are the days of magic come again? Do we own the power of the Spirit of the Lamp and the Ring? Do we bow down before the wand of the magician, and acknowledge the sway of "Ariannus" and "Nemesus," that you will believe

a girl of nineteen capable of the nearly six years' plot that she is accused of? Will you not, if you give her the credit of conspiring against my Lord Ferrers, also give her credit for shielding herself from that disgrace sure to ensue upon detection of her crime? Could not the words have been easily said, had she been guilty, that would have prevented that guilt from being publicly known? Do you imagine that with that forethought, which she must naturally have possessed to have carried on this lengthy plot of nearly six years, she would have permitted her cause, knowing it to be an unjust one, to be tried by an English jury, whose penetration she could not hope to escape? What! because the ex-Attorney-General has recalled to your minds the case of Elizabeth Canning, who accused two innocent persons of robbery, and detaining her from service—are you, I ask, because this wretched maid-servant was convicted of falsehood, to believe that I am capable of forging the whole of the correspondence you have been so lately deluged with? Is a farmer's daughter, descended from ancestors as noble, if not as ancient, as my Lord Ferrers, and whose family is not devoid of wealth, and moreover, whose education has not been neglected, to be classed at once with an ignorant maid-servant of the last century?

And she thus eloquently and feelingly concludes:—

And now, should any one who reads this pamphlet think I have spoken too harshly, or written too strongly upon a subject wherein I have been so much condemned, so judged, and so misunderstood, I will beg them to remember the position I stand in—degraded, insulted, and fallen; and fancy (if they can, for a moment) themselves in the same position, and ask themselves could they sit passively, and endure to be branded with that of which they were innocent? Could they, would they, bear to have forgery and the foulest fraud imputed to them in silence? It is no fault of mine that I have so long forborne the only defence it is in my power to make. Crushed by the heavy blow I sustained, and buried in the perfect seclusion of this my place of refuge, I was for months wholly unable to approach the subject; but the love of justice, inherent in the character of my fellow-countrymen, will not, I feel confidently assured, have died away with the vivid and immediate interest my case at the time drew forth.

I have done—my address is concluded. I desire not to retaliate reproach for insult; or, even if I had the power, to cast back the weapons mercilessly hurled against me, with all the power wealth could command, wielded with an ingenuity and recklessness to which the purest causes have been so often and so cruelly sacrificed. I ask not for retribution; I stoop not to seek contrition from those whose deep and undying consciousness of injury done me will long outlive the gratification of their noble triumph; but I do ask that those whose integrity gives value to their esteem, will pause ere they surrender their honest judgment to the snares with which it has been sought to destroy me, and refrain from adding their condemnation to the sufferings which already so heavily oppress me.

We close this very clever production more perplexed than ever as to what were the real merits of this extraordinary case. On the one hand, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that all those letters were forgeries; on the other, we cannot reconcile the anonymous letters of Miss SMITH, the deceitful dealings with the milliner, the secrecy observed by her family and herself, without any apparent reason for it, with the existence of an avowed engagement; or why the Earl did not visit them publicly, or why they should meet in roads, or why it was not known to everybody in the village.

Miss SMITH boldly asks, if it was likely that, with a consciousness of wrong, she would have permitted the trial to take place. Nothing is more common than to persist in an assertion rather than confess a fault. Our first explanation of the story was, that the noble Earl, when a boy, had made boyish love to Miss SMITH, that she had thence aspired to a coronet, and had boasted of it to her friends. That, unwilling to incur their ridicule, she had kept the story alive, until being called upon by them to prove her assertions, she was induced, for her own justification, to frame a story, and coin proofs to

support it. That having gone so far, she was obliged to go further, or own herself author of a forgery. That she did not contemplate any other use being made of them than to impose upon her friends; but they insisted upon law, and thus that she was led on, step by step, wanting courage at once to avow her guilt.

This would afford a rational explanation of motives, and account for the whole proceedings, so far as she is concerned; but then returns the difficulty—whence those letters?—if forged, by whom?—if genuine, why were they written?

SCIENCE.

Ready Remedies in cases of Poison and other Accidents. By JAMES JOHNSON, M.R.C.S. London: Gilbert. A USEFUL little domestic manual, teaching the remedies applicable to different kinds of poison, to be applied before medical aid can arrive. Such remedies are invariably selected as are always at hand in every household, and the language employed is as untechnical as possible. Every house should be furnished with this pamphlet.

Rural Chemistry, an elementary Introduction to the Study of the Science in its relation to Agriculture. By EDWARD SOLLY, Esq. F.R.S. 2nd Edition. London: Gardener's Chronicle Office.

A REPLICATION of a series of papers which appeared in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, and there attracted so much attention, were so approved, and found so practically useful, that Mr. SOLLY was induced to present them in the more convenient form of a volume. In that shape, too, their success was so great that a second edition was speedily called for, and advantage has been taken of the opportunity to introduce numerous additions and corrections, making the work one of the most complete aids to the farmer, and one of the most useful manuals for the farm-house, which the press has ever produced.

Elements of Chemistry, including the Applications of the Science in the Arts. By THOMAS GRAHAM, F.R.S. &c. 2nd Edition. Part I. London: Baillière. GRAHAM'S Chemistry is already famous. It has passed out of the jurisdiction of the reviewer, and has become a standard work. Only the pleasing task now devolves upon us of announcing its appearance in a new and very handsome form, beautifully printed, and lavishly illustrated with engravings interspersed with the text.

Pasilogia: an Essay towards the formation of a System of Universal Language, both Written and Vocal, &c.

By the Rev. EDWARD GROVE. Dublin: M'Glashan. THAT it is possible to frame a language that might be universally adopted, Mr. GROVE has satisfactorily shewn. But that there is the most distant probability of inducing the world to adopt it, is a dream which the student may indulge in, but which the man of the world must treat like other dreams—as a pleasant fancy, to amuse an idle hour, but not deserving the consideration of one serious moment. It must be admitted, also, that its utility would equal the expectations of its most sanguine advocates. Mr. GROVE has devoted a great deal of attention to the subject. He has given a sort of biographical-historical review of the series of ingenious men who have wasted their brains upon the impracticable work, and he concludes with a plan of his own, which, it must be admitted, displays more ingenuity than any of its predecessors. But inasmuch as it is not likely to take a practical shape, we will not trouble our readers with the details, but be content with referring those whom the subject may interest to a volume in which they will find col-

lected all that has been projected in relation to it, and the present position of the question as improved by the labours of Mr. GROVE.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Rome, Pagan and Papal. By an English Resident in that City. London, 1846. Hamilton and Co.

THE author of this very amusing little volume needs not to have preserved an incognito. There is more merit in these modest pages than in nine-tenths of the two-volumed tours that come forth in flaunting octavos, with great type, spreading the smallest possible quantity of matter over the largest possible quantity of paper. The Resident writes because he has seen much, and has much to say; and he conveys his information with no waste of words or of stationery, and without taxing the pockets of his readers. He is a sensible, well-read man, with just so much imagination as to give colour to his composition, and enough of sentiment to lift it above mere description. There is, too, in him a sort of simplicity, which, while it forces a smile, commends him strongly to the reader's regards, for it is at least a sign of faithfulness, and gives a character to the author which is infused into his work, and distinguishes it from the thousand other works dedicated to Rome. He is a devout man; he is, moreover, a man of liberal feeling. He can see good in other men and things besides those among which he has been educated. He is not ashamed to own an interest in the worship of those who are as sincere in their creed as he is in his own. He admits the worth while he laments the evils of Roman Catholicism, but charity governs his judgment, and the spirit of the Christian pervades his criticisms on Papal Rome.

The purpose of the book is to describe more minutely than we remember to have seen elsewhere the pomp and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic worship, and to trace their origin, which the author does with great acuteness, and finds it, in Paganism. There can, indeed, be no doubt that the greater portion of the ceremonials of Papal Rome are merely adaptations of the religious rites of Pagan Rome to the faith that had superseded the worship of Jupiter and the gods. So palpable is the resemblance, that it cannot fail to strike the most cursory reader of this volume, who recalls the descriptions of the heathen rites as recorded by the classic authors. The fact cannot be denied that the Catholicism of Italy is only Paganism under another name, the objects of worship changed, but still idolatry. We say not this offensively, or as being applicable to Catholicism everywhere. In England it is a different faith; probably among the educated and intelligent men in Rome its sensualities are rejected, while its spiritualities are received; but with the mass of the people there, it is beyond question that the Virgin and the saints are worshipped with as much fervency as ever were Juno and the host of minor divinities by their ancestors. If it be not so, what means the pre-eminence given to

THE MADONNA?

Who, then, is the Madonna? you may ask. She is, to use the language of the Roman Catholic, the Blessed Virgin—the Holy Mother of God—the great object of love and veneration to every true believer. Comparatively speaking, one hears little but of “Santa Maria” in these countries—one sees little but symbols and images which represent her. Almost every house or shop at least has her likeness suspended in a conspicuous part, with two or three lights burning under it; at every corner of the street you meet her again, sometimes decked with a wreath of flowers, the grateful, and oh! how rich an offering of some devout passenger—a beautiful practice, regarding it merely as the general expression of the devotional sentiment—thus mingling religion with the daily walks and occupations of men, and introducing her into the secluded retirement of families. Enter the churches, and there you will

see her again always resplendent, sometimes with the richest stones and jewels, at others with the more humble offerings of her devotees. She has her altars erected to her, and a great portion of the services of religion are in her honour. Look at the group who are kneeling in yonder corner—examine the rosaries in their hands, and you will find that every tenth bead marks the recital of a Pater Noster, and the intermediate ones of an Ave Maria. Linger till about dusk, that is, on certain days, and you will hear her Litany chanted in a measure so sweet, that, in spite of the most hostile prejudices, you will be sensible of a solemn religious feeling stealing over you, and persuading you that beneath all the various names and forms and modes of worship, there is one great sentiment common to us all, which leads us to Him who is the Author and Preserver of every human being. The service is now over—the last rays of the setting sun are falling on the different groups as they stand in front of the church—a bell strikes out, and each one more devout lifts his hat as he whispers his secret prayer. What is this? It is the hour of Ave Maria, and her worshippers are repeating their last devotions in her honour. As the day begins, so it ends then, you will see, with some tribute of respect to the Madonna; and any one who paid merely a cursory attention to the subject might be easily pardoned if he concluded that she was the great first object of religious veneration: but yet he would be wrong, very wrong, in so doing. To-morrow, perhaps, may be a fête-day of the Madonna, and, if you have patience, we will just glance at its details. On this occasion, her influence assumes a festive as well as a religious aspect. The aisles are covered with box or olive leaves, intermixed with flowers, and her image, as I have often seen it, is borne round the church, and on great occasions round the village, dressed in new and gaudy robes glittering with tinsel, and with a crown on her head. A long procession of priests follows after, accompanied by the great men of the church, and the more devout amongst the women, who are not sorry, I dare say, for such an occasion of displaying their pretty persons and pretty costumes, each bearing a lighted taper, and chanting some hymn in honour of "Santa Maria." Now, again, they return to the church, all seeking eagerly to kiss or to touch some portion of her robes, and then, dispersing to their homes, dwell with delight on the glories of the "bella Madonna."

Another passage illustrates the resemblance between

PAGAN AND ROMAN SAINTS.

Let us trace, then, another feature of resemblance between the Pagan and the Roman Saints. I remember to have heard a discussion between two peasants, of neighbouring villages at some distance from Naples, as to which of theirs was "*la piu bella Madonna*." Sometimes it happens that one confers more graces than another,—sometimes one is the consoler of the afflicted, and another the star of the mariner,—here she is the mother of grace, and there of peace,—here of tears, and there of consolation. Thus in different places she sustains many different names, and is believed to exercise as many separate qualities as if she were one of a family of many sisters. As with the Madonna, so is it with the saints, that if one does not possess different qualities in different places, yet the body do, and have a local and special influence; and I doubt very much whether the Palermitan would address himself with much fervour to San Gennaro, or the Neapolitan to Santa Rosalia. Why not? Their influence is local,—they are representatives of a district. I am confirmed in this view of the subject by what I have seen and heard throughout Italy and Sicily; and if I do not weary you, I will give you some of the gossip of my journal on these matters. At my first visit to Albano, I arrived on the vigil of the feast of their patron saint, San Pancrazio. The town was blazing with light, and music made us all observe the vigil most literally. The next day the image of the saint was paraded with a grand procession round the little town, which was strewn with leaves on the occasion. Whilst, however, the Albanese were thus doing honour to their saint, at Rome he was only remembered in his own church. At Naples, I have seen the feast of San Gennaro (and a very remarkable saint he is, as I shall have occasion to tell you in some future letter) observed with great pomp, whilst in other places he meets with no special respect. I have visited the tomb of Santa Rosalia, on the summit of Monte Pellegrino, and I am rather inclined to acknowledge her claims to sanctify

for having chosen one of the most exquisite spots in nature for her retirement; yet, in spite of her taste, and in spite of the honours which are rendered to the royal recluse in the month of July, she is little known out of Sicily, or out of Palermo. Again, as some saints favour particular spots, so do others particular bodies of men. San Martino, for instance, is the protector of the millers,—a fact I first learnt from a very bad fresco I saw on a mill in the neighbourhood of Nice. St. Luke, again, is the patron of painters, sculptors, and architects; and a likeness of the Madonna painted by him (on the authority of the *Diario Romano*), still exists in Santa Maria Maggiore. I have seen it, and would rather rest the reputation of the saint on his gospel history than on his knowledge of painting. Then we have the church of the carpenters, of the goldsmiths and blacksmiths, of coachmen and train-bearers, the saints of which churches, I take for granted, are the patrons respectively of these trades, as St. Luke and St. Martin are confessedly the patrons of millers and painters. It is not, however, of societies of men merely that they are patrons, but they are appealed to in cases of diseases. June 2 is the fête day of Saint Erasmo (says the *Diario Romano*), "the advocate against spasmodic sufferings,"—the 15th July, of San Bonosa, protectress against the small-pox,—July 19, of Santa Martha, the protectress against epidemic and contagious diseases,—August 15, of San Rocco, defender against plague, and St. Trofimo, against the gout.

A still more striking resemblance is found about the altars in the

VOTIVE OFFERINGS.

Here, as I have already told you, is a celebrated altar of Sant' Antonio of Padua, which is surrounded by small votive offerings of silver hearts and legs and arms, as well as by pictorial tablets,—of which I counted 122,—all stamped with a "P. G. R." and some bearing the name of the offerer, as well as the date of presentation. There is one feature in them common to all; the saint bearing an infant Christ in his arms, either with or without the Madonna, is always represented, in his Franciscan habit, seated or standing in the air, some four or five feet from the floor, supposing it to be a chamber which is represented. How he got there, or how he remains there, is enough to puzzle any one but a saint, to whom the solution is not difficult, as miraculous agency to any extent is at his disposal. The pictures themselves record a sad variety of woe, often so drolly given that they would not do dishonour to a gallery of Flemish paintings. In some, children are falling down a flight of stairs, and about half way down settle on their heads, as if induced to do so by a species of magnetic attraction; others are tumbling into the fire, as if they would be burnt; and others out of the window, as if not less resolutely bent on self-destruction. Still more numerous, however, are the accidents from horses and carriages which the votive tablet represents. The luckless wight is often seen lying under the wheels, which seem to have stopped in order to give him the benefit of extra pressure, whilst the horses, from their immovably fixed expression, seem quite to enter into the spirit of the wheels,—the saint, meantime, like some little cherub who sits up aloft, looks down on this tragic scene with the most admirable composure imaginable. Either Roman horsemanship and whipsmanship are much belied, or these are not their palmy days in Rome; and much have the modern Romans degenerated from their ancestors, of whom the poet sang,—

Sunt quos curricula pulvere Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque ferendis
Evitata rotis.

Bulls, too, as well as horses, come in for their share of pictorial abuse, and most outrageously are represented in full tilt against unfortunate individuals, who seem to wait for the onset as unresistingly as if they were members of a peace society. On the next wall, perhaps, the scene shifts and takes us to the sick man's chamber, where one sees displayed bottles and drugs enough, for at least three generations of the sufferer, who lies on his bed of sickness, surrounded by his anxious friends. It would have required a master-hand worthily to have treated these incidents,—incidents which had awakened the holiest and deepest sympathies of our nature; but handled by a sign painter, the effect is often ludicrous,

and a smile may be pardoned whilst we respect the feeling which prompted the offering.

The "missions," are another curious feature of Pagan Rome. They have scarcely been noticed by travellers, for they occur for the most part in small towns, apart from the highways of traffic or tourists. Our author has described one which he witnessed.

A MISSION.

It was at one of the "Missions" occasionally celebrated in Italy, which are marked by a fanaticism that is not surpassed, perhaps, by the camp meetings of America. Towards the end of a series of fanatical exhibitions, a Franciscan friar, who had been preaching to a crowded audience, might have been observed to seize a cross even taller than himself, and rushing through the body of the church, plant it on the high altar. His pallid countenance, wasted by fasting and scourging, and his flowing robes, in strange contrast with his attenuated form, gave one almost the idea of a being who had returned from the other world to execute some commission of the Most High. Such might easily have been the idea of the highly-wrought people around me, for all were panting with excitement, as they gazed through the sombre gloom of an ill-lighted church to catch a glimpse of that holy monk,—and not a sound might have been heard amidst that vast and voiceless multitude, till his voice broke upon the silence, commanding all who had sought against a brother to approach the altar, and beneath the cross forgive as they hoped to be forgiven. What a scene followed! I can never forget it; so strongly is it impressed on my mind, both by its novelty and intrinsic interest. Kneeling by my side was an aged man who rose and tottered to the cross: his days were few, he felt, and he would fain cleanse his bosom of all unkindness, lest at any moment he might be summoned to His presence who sheweth mercy to the merciful, and forgiveth us even as we forgive. Then rose a younger man, encouraged by the example of the elder; and then another, and another, and another, till beneath that emblem of our holy religion was assembled a group of persons, but one hour before the bitterest enemies, now giving and receiving the kiss of peace. I knew several of these persons; they had long hated one another with the depth of an Italian hatred, and now they were reconciled to one another through Jesus Christ.

Here, again, is a graphic picture of

A FLAGELLATION.

A certain number of the faithful meet together at a given period to flagellate themselves. There is a church or oratorio near the Palazzo Doria, which, last Lent, was rather renowned for such exhibitions, and several times I visited it from curiosity; but never shall I forget my terror on finding myself unexpectedly present at such a scene, though in another place. A Franciscan friar had been preaching on the subject of sin and penitence, which he treated in such a manner as to drive the people almost to frenzy; there was indeed "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth," without a figure: but what was my astonishment, on the friar exclaiming, *Alla penitenza!*—*alla penitenza!* to see the vast congregation around me in a moment on their knees, each armed with a rope or knotted handkerchief, flagellating themselves most unmercifully! As for the friar, he used a scourge of iron links, which, as they rattled against the pulpit, heightened the effect wonderfully. The obscurity of the church, rendered still more obscure by the clouds of dust,—the shrieking and weeping of the women,—the lashes, both loud and deep, which resounded from a thousand backs,—and the piteous cries for mercy to the Madonna,—all combined, rendered the scene as vivid and as terrible as any, the most fervid, imagination has ever figured to itself in its dreams of hell. As for me, imagine and pity my position,—left in a moment, standing and alone, the only heretic,—nay, the only foreigner, in the midst of this multitude of fanatics. I assure you, it was no mere picture, no vain resemblance, no idle dream of purgatory; it was a real, substantial purgatory I endured. A cloud of ropes and handkerchiefs whizzed and circled around my body, which bore ample testimony to the severity of the exercise, as also to the hearty good will, perhaps, with which the heretic was smitten. Let this suffice for a description of Roman Catholic flagellation.

He considers the influence of the confessional to be advantageous in the present state of Italy.

Of the permanently moral influences of confession, I acknowledge that, from what I have witnessed in this country, I have but a slight opinion; still, in the present social and moral condition of Italy, destitute as it is of any high public sentiment of morality, and without any of those means of elevating the character which abound amongst us, I do not see how confession could be dispensed with. Indeed, I should compare this lovely land to the human body when labouring under a complication of disorders, the most violent of which can be healed or assuaged only by the encouragement of the less violent. This is not saying much for the influences of a holy sacrament; and yet these are my honest and deliberately-formed opinions, after a residence here of four years. You will perceive pretty clearly, then, that I regard the confessors of Italy as a kind of moral police, or, to speak with greater precision, a police for the morals. My servant, for instance, is unfortunately too apt to confound the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. I send him every now and then to his confessor, with orders to bring back a sign that he has been there; which sign, to be specific, is generally his reverence's snuff-box. The consequence is, that I am secured from petty pilfering; he is deterred from any overt act of theft; but his character remains the same: fear only is the motive of his conduct. Singular is it that since I began this letter one such case as this has occurred; and accordingly he has received orders to pay the customary visit, on his return from which, should he be guilty, there will be restitution and kissing of hands; "for," said a priest to me, "we do not absolve until restitution, or the promise of restitution has been made."

The acts practised by the Franciscans have great resemblance to the fanatical camp meetings of America. They go about in parties, exciting the poor people by vehement declamations and threats of Divine vengeance.

Their arrival in a country town is the sure precursor of a great change. From morning till night there are masses, or sermons, or confessions; the social aspect of the little community is completely altered. No longer will you see the peasantry dancing the Tarantella in the country, nor hear the merry laugh in the piazza; an universal gloom seems to have settled upon the people, who now refuse all diversions as suddenly and violently as they will again plunge into them when the voice of the charmer has ceased to charm. On entering the church, it was certainly a remarkable scene I witnessed. A Franciscan friar, one of the relay of twelve who had been sent for the occasion, was holding forth in terms less polished than strong; for amongst the epithets he applied to his audience I remember was, "ye devils in the flesh;" and amongst the threatened punishments were Hell-fire and flames—epithets and threats which very naturally alarmed the poor people, and produced a degree of consternation which it was terrible to witness.

At one of these "revivals" our author was present.

On entering, I found three of the friars in different parts haranguing as many separate congregations, until at length they were interrupted by a procession of the unmarried youth of the country (the women being clothed in white), all wearing crowns of thorns on their heads. As they moved slowly on, they chanted some office of the church in the minor key, the organ lending its accompaniment, until, having arrived at the altar, they knelt and received the Santissima, and then retired in the same order. The *coup d'œil* was exquisite; the costumes, beauty, and youth of the devotees, gave them an interest which I can ill describe.

Amid these exciting circumstances—

The whole company of friars, with their heads crowned with thorns and preceded by the cross, advanced to the high altar, and there flagellated themselves—the entire congregation, amounting to nearly two thousand souls, accompanying this sacrifice with the most fearful shrieks. The excitement seemed to increase day by day (the performance being got up by the most finished actors); for on the following evening, at the conclusion of the sermon, the vast multitude, in the midst of whom I stood, sank at a word upon their knees, and, each

producing a rope, began to scourge themselves most vigorously. Imagine the scene if you can; for I can give you no adequate description of it. A dimly-lighted church, rendered still more obscure by the clouds of dust which arose on every hand—a host of fanatics on their knees, groaning, shrieking, praying, crossing, and scourging.

Then followed a canticle, and then

A SERMON.

The subject of the sermon was "Death"; which was, of course, painted in all the terrors a fertile and excited imagination could suggest, and enforced occasionally by references to Rousseau, Henry VIII. and other equally uncatholic individuals, of whom the greater portion of the audience doubtless knew as little as of the Grand Lama. After exhausting all his oratory, the friar at length produced a human skull and thigh-bones—the real *argumentum ad hominem*—and dangling them over and rattling them against the pulpit, exclaimed, "Here, lovely girl! see to what you will be reduced!"—an appeal which was responded to by weeping and sobbing from all parts of the church, interrupted only by the preacher's exclaiming, "Alla penitenza! alla penitenza!" Then, as on the preceding occasions, the congregation again fell on their knees, and with ropes repeated the same castigation amidst the usual fearful cries.

These extracts will amply justify the approval we have expressed of the volume whence they are taken.

The Emigrant. By Sir FRANCIS B. HEAD, Bart.
London, 1846. Murray.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

A FEW more extracts from this lively work will gratify our readers.

THE RED INDIANS.

Nothing can be more interesting, or offer to the civilised world a more useful lesson, than the manner in which the red aborigines of America, without ever interrupting each other, conduct their councils. The calm, high-bred dignity of their demeanour—the scientific manner in which they progressively construct the framework of whatever subject they undertake to explain—the sound arguments by which they connect as well as support it—and the beautiful wild flowers of eloquence with which, as they proceed, they adorn every portion of the moral architecture they are constructing, form altogether an exhibition of grave interest; and yet is it not astonishing to reflect that the orators in these councils are men whose lips and gums are, while they are speaking, black from the wild berries on which they have been subsisting—who have never heard of education,—never seen a town; but who, born in the secluded recesses of an almost interminable forest, have spent their lives in either following zigzaggedly the game on which they subsist through a labyrinth of trees, or in paddling their canoes across lakes, and among a congregation of islands such as I have described? They hear more distinctly, see farther, smell clearer, can bear more fatigue, can subsist on less food, and have altogether fewer wants than their white brethren; and yet, while from morning till night we stand gazing at ourselves in the looking-glass of self-admiration, we consider the red Indians of America as "outside barbarians."

Although long, we cannot omit the following very interesting narrative, to which a distinct chapter has been devoted. It is slightly abridged.

THE EMIGRANT'S LARK.

Henry Patterson and his wife Elizabeth sailed from the Tower in the year 1834, as emigrants on board a vessel heavily laden with passengers, and bound to Quebec. Patterson was an intimate friend of a noted bird-catcher in London, called Charley Nash. Now, Nash had determined to make his friend a present of a good sky-lark to take to Canada with him; but not having what he called "a real good un" among his collection, he went into the country on purpose to trap one. In this effort he succeeded, but when he returned to London, he found that his friend Patterson had embarked, and that the vessel had sailed a few hours before he reached the Tower stairs. He, therefore, jumped on board a steamer

that was starting, and overtook the ship just as she reached Gravesend, where he hired a small boat, and then sculling alongside he was soon recognised by Patterson and his wife, who with a crowd of other male and female emigrants of all ages were taking a last farewell of the various objects which the vessel was slowly passing. "Here's a bird for you Harry," said Nash to Patterson, as, standing up in the skiff, he took the frightened captive out of his hat, "and if it sings as well in a cage as it did just now in the air, it will be the best you have ever heard." Patterson, descending a few steps from the gang-way, stretched out his hand and received the bird, which he immediately called Charley in remembrance of his faithful friend Nash.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence the vessel was wrecked; almost everything was lost except the lives of the crew and passengers; and accordingly when Patterson, with his wife hanging heavily on his arm, landed in Canada, he was destitute of everything he had owned on board excepting Charley, whom he had preserved and afterwards kept for three days in the foot of an old stocking. After some few sorrows, and after some little time, Patterson settled himself at Toronto, in the lower part of a small house in King-street, the principal thoroughfare in the town, where he worked as a shoemaker. His shop had a southern aspect, he drove a nail into the outside of his window, and regularly every morning, just before he sat upon his stool to commence his daily work, he carefully hung upon this nail a common skylark's cage, which had a solid back of dark wood, with a bow or small wire orchestra in front, upon the bottom of which there was to be seen, whenever it could be procured, a fresh sod of green turf. As Charley's wings were of no use to him in this prison, the only wholesome exercise he could take was by hopping on and off his little stage; and this sometimes he would continue to do most cheerfully for hours, stopping only occasionally to dip his bill into a small square tin box of water suspended on one side, and then to raise it for a second or two towards the sky. As soon, however, as (and only when) his spirit moved him, this feathered captive again hopped upon his stage, and there, standing upon a bit of British soil, with his little neck extended, his small head slightly turned, his drooping wings gently fluttering, his bright black eyes intently fixed upon the distant deep, dark blue Canada sky, he commenced his unpremeditated morning song, his extempore matin prayer.

The effect of his thrilling notes, of his shrill joyous song, of his pure unadulterated English voice, upon the people of Canada can probably be imagined by those only who either by adversity have been prematurely weaned from their mother country, or who, from long continued absence and from hope deferred, have learned in a foreign land to appreciate the inestimable blessings of their father-land, of their parent home. All sorts of men, riding, driving, walking, propelled by urgent business, or sauntering for appetite or amusement, as if by word of command, stopped, spell-bound to listen, for more or less time, to the inspired warbling, to the joyful hallelujahs of a common homely-dressed English lark. Reformers, as they leaned towards him, heard nothing in his enchanting melody which even they could desire to improve. I believe that, in the hearts of the most obdurate Radicals he reanimated feelings of youthful attachment to their mother country; and that even the trading Yankee, in whose country birds of the most gorgeous plumage snuffle rather than sing, must have acknowledged that the heaven-born talent of this little bird unaccountably warmed the Anglo-Saxon blood that flowed in his veins. I must own that, although I always refrained from joining Charley's motley audience, yet, while he was singing, I never rode by him without acknowledging, as he stood with his outstretched neck looking to heaven, that he was (at all events, for his size) the most powerful advocate of Church and State in her Majesty's dominions; and that his eloquence was as strongly appreciated by others, Patterson received many convincing proofs. Three times as he sat beneath the cage, proud as Lucifer, yet hammering away at a shoe-sole lying in purgatory on his lap-stone, and then, with a waxed thread in each hand, suddenly extending his elbows like a scaramouch, three times was he interrupted in his work by people who each separately offered him 100 dollars for his lark; an old farmer repeatedly offered him 100 acres of land for him; and a poor Sussex cartier who had imprudently stopped to hear him sing was so completely overwhelmed with affection and *maladie du*

plays, that, walking into the shop, he offered for him all he possessed in the world, his horse and cart; but Patterson would sell him to no one. On a certain evening of October, 1837, the shutters of Patterson's shop window were half closed, on account of his having that morning been accidentally shot dead. The widow's prospects were thus suddenly ruined, her hopes blasted, her goods sold, and I need hardly say that I made myself the owner—the lord and the master of poor Patterson's lark.

It was my earnest desire, if possible, to better his condition, and I certainly felt very proud to possess him; but somehow or other this "Charley-is-my-darling" sort of feeling evidently was not reciprocal. Whether it was that in the conservatory of Government House at Toronto Charley missed the sky—whether it was that he disliked the movement, or rather want of movement, in my elbows—or whether from some mysterious feelings, some strange fancy or misgiving, the chamber of his little mind was hung with black, I can only say that during the three months he remained in my service I could never induce him to open his mouth, and that up to the last hour of my departure he would never sing to me. On leaving Canada I gave him to Daniel Orris, an honest, faithful, loyal friend, who had accompanied me to the province. His station in life was about equal to that of poor Patterson; and accordingly, so soon as the bird was hung by him on the outside of his humble dwelling, he began to sing as exquisitely as ever. He continued to do so all through Sir George Arthur's administration. He sang all the time Lord Durham was at work—he sang after the Legislative Council—the Executive Council—the House of Assembly of the province had ceased for ever to exist—he sang all the while the Imperial Parliament were framing and agreeing to an act by which even the name of Upper Canada was to cease to exist—he sang all the while Lord John Russell and Sydenham were arranging, effecting, and perpetuating upon the United Provinces of Canada the baneful domination of what they called "responsible government;" and then, feeling that the voice of an English lark could no longer be of any service to that noble portion of her Majesty's dominions—he died. Orris sent me his skin, his skull, and his legs. I took them to the very best artist in London—the gentleman who stuffs for the British Museum—who told me, to my great joy, that these remains were perfectly uninjured. After listening with great professional interest to the case, he promised me that he would exert his utmost talent; and in about a month Charley returned to me with unruffled plumage, standing again on the little orchestra of his cage, with his mouth open, looking upwards, in short, in the attitude of singing, just as I have described him. I have had the whole covered with a large glass case, and upon the dark wooden back of the cage there is pasted a piece of white paper, upon which I have written the following words:—"This lark, taken to Canada by a poor emigrant, was shipwrecked in the St. Lawrence, and after singing in Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th of March, 1843, universally regretted. Home! Home! Sweet home!"

And we conclude, appropriately enough, with Sir FRANCIS HEAD's amusing and very characteristic sketch of

THE RETURN TO "OLD ENGLAND."

During my residence in Canada, I had read so much, had heard so much, and had preached so much about "the Old Country," that as the New York packet in which I was returning approached its shores, I quite made up my mind to see, in the venerable countenance of "my auld respectit mither," the ravages of time and the wrinkles of old age. Everything looked new. The grass in the meadows was new, the leaves on the trees and hedges were new, the flowers were new, the blossoms of the orchards were new, the lambs were new, the young birds were new, the crops were new, the railway was new. As we whisked along it, the sight, per minute, of an erect man, in bottle-green uniform, standing like a direction-post, stock still, with an arm extended, was new; the idea whatever it might be intended to represent, was quite new. All of a sudden, plunging souse into utter darkness, and then again into bright dazzling sunshine, was new. Every station at which we stopped was new. The bells which affectionately greeted our arrival, and which, sometimes almost before we even could

stop, bade us depart, were new. During one of the longest of these intervals, the sudden appearance of a line of young ladies behind a counter, exhibiting to hungry travellers tea, toast, scalding hot soup, sixpenny pork pies, and everything else that human nature could innocently desire to enjoy—and then, almost before we could get to these delicacies, being summarily ordered to depart—the sight of a crowd of sturdy Englishmen, in caps of every shape, hurrying to their respective carriages, with their mouths full—was new. In short, it was to new and merry England that, after a weary absence, I had apparently returned; and it was not until I reached Downing Street I could believe that I really was once again in "the Old Country." But there I found everything old—old men, old women, old notions, old prejudices, old stuff and old nonsense, and, what was infinitely worse, old principles; in fact, it appeared as if the building in which I stood was intended to collect and remove to our colonies all worn-out doctrines that had become no longer fit for home consumption.

EDUCATION.

Questions on Generalities. By G. M. STERNE. London: Longman and Co.

MRS. STERNE states that she has found these general questions practically useful in her own school; her plan being to give to her pupils about half-a-dozen at a time, requiring them to search for answers, and return them written out on slate or paper. The idea is a very happy one; but, as she says, care must be taken that the pupils have access to good books of reference. Certain it is, that a fact discovered by the pupil's own research makes vastly more impression than ready-made answers in a catechism. The questions here are very various, ranging over history, science, and art; but they are selected with judgment, and cannot fail to stimulate the pupil to the acquisition of a vast amount of useful knowledge.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Law versus Privilege; or an Argument for the Rights of the Electoral Body against the power assumed by the House of Commons to imprison the Representatives of the People. By JOHN GRAY, M.D. Dublin: Duffy. A LEARNED, but somewhat tedious, and, now, uninteresting dissertation on the case of Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN. We confess our inability to read it. But to those who like such topics this pamphlet will doubtless supply abundance of cases and arguments.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stray Leaves from a Freemason's Note-Book. By a Suffolk Rector. London: Spencer.

THE proceeds of the copyright of this volume are to be devoted to the projected Asylum for Aged and Decayed Freemasons.

With so charitable an aim, the critic will relax somewhat of his sternness in reviewing its contents. The author may be a rector, but we are more inclined to think that he is not one. The book has of itself some attractions, apart from the benevolence of its design. It is a collection of reminiscences of persons and events with which the author has come in contact at different periods of his life. Perhaps a considerable portion of the anecdotes are heavy; many of them are scarcely worth the telling; and of freemasonry there is little of substantial interest. It is among the writer's personal reminiscences that the most readable pages are to be found; from these we gather a few of the best, and to our readers nothing will be more acceptable than this account of

THE YOUTH OF SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT. I do not know Sir William Webb Follett and myself were school-fellows. We had the advantage of being under the discipline of Doctor

Lempriere—the author of the well-known Classical Dictionary—during the period he presided over the Exeter Free Grammar School. * * * One peculiarity he had—that of forming a tolerably correct estimate of a boy's after success in life. I do not affirm that his opinion was always framed independent of prejudice, or that all his predictions were verified. I content only that, mainly and generally, he was right. One instance I remember well. We had on the roll of our class a lad of extraordinary promise. His quickness and clearness of apprehension were remarkable. His command of language was great, and his facility in composition enviable. The under-masters petted A—as a prodigy; and boldly predicted, on his leaving us, that he would rise, and rise rapidly, to distinction. From this opinion the Doctor invariably dissented. "Pshaw!" he was heard to say, on one occasion, "he will attain no distinction; unless it be that of leaving the country at his Majesty's expense. He wants ballast—the ballast of principle." The Doctor was right. Poor A—is now at Sydney. Equally judicious was his estimate of the late Attorney-General. "Webb Follett is not brilliant, but he is solid. He will not snatch, but he will earn distinction. I shall not live to see it, but it will be so." Now, this conclusion was the more curious, because Follett was not one of those spirits who hit peculiarly the Doctor's taste. Follett, as a boy, was rather slow. There is no use in denying it. There was at school nothing dashing or brilliant about him. His articulation in boyhood was thick, and his demeanour somewhat sluggish. Now sharpness, quickness, and readiness, the Doctor delighted in. Again: Follett was not fond of classics. The Doctor revelled in them. And yet he appreciated his pupil and did him justice. In proof of this, I well recollect that when one of the under-masters—Osborne was the reverend gentleman's name—said to the Doctor, after a hasty perusal, "Webb Follett's verses, Sir, want imagination;" the rejoinder instantly followed—"But, Sir, they possess—what many verses do not—sense!" There was one peculiarity about the late Attorney-General in boyhood, which, I am inclined to think, accompanied him in after-life. He possessed the entire confidence of our little community. The sentiment he inspired, generally, was respect. "Well! that's Webb Follett's opinion!"—was a dictum which settled many a boyish quarrel, and still many an angry difference. Perhaps this might mainly be owing to his manner: for even in boyhood he was calm, and grave, and self-possessed. There was a composure about him which no petty irritations could ruffle. Webb Follett in a passion would have been a rare spectacle on the play-ground. I remember accompanying him and two others to the Nisi Prius Court, at Exeter, during the assizes. We little thought at that moment what a distinguished rôle our calm and thoughtful companion was himself destined to play in a court of judicature. Talent there was in abundance on the Western Circuit at that juncture; Gifford and Lens, and Pell and Abbot, all in the very zenith of their powers, and in the full swing of successful exertion, and all since passed away from the scene! We, the juniors, were desirous to bribe our way into the Crown Court; but Follett was resolved to enter none but the Nisi Prius. "I want," was his remark, "to hear Gifford cross-examine a witness;" and, much against our will, we accompanied him. We staid till the court broke up. When the sheriff's carriage approached to convey the judge to his lodgings, with the pomp and parade usually observed on such occasions, we loitered and gazed at the spectacle with lighter hearts, perhaps, than those of the principal performers. "Who knows but that I may come here as judge some day myself?" said our companion, as we reluctantly turned our steps homeward. "Judge Follett!" we exclaimed and roared with amusement. "Well, Follett, you would be a grave judge at any rate!" said Edward Gater, our spokesman. "Grave or not," was the rejoinder, "I hope I should be able to see when a counsel was *bamming* me; and not listen on, as that old woman did this morning, while Pell was regularly *cranning* her!" The "old woman" was no less a personage than the late Sir Alan Chambre. And yet, daring and strange as the remark may seem—those who remember him in youth will bear out its truth—law was not his choice. His early predilections leant towards a military life. I remember going down to stay with him a couple of days at his father's at Topham. A general officer had died in or near Exeter: he had commanded the district, and a military funeral

on an extensive scale and of an imposing description awaited him. Follett and I witnessed it. During the visit, he reverted to this spectacle more than once, and told me how much and ardently he had wished to be a soldier. He dwelt on the many attractions which the profession of arms possessed for him; the perpetual change of scene which it involved; the probability of visiting foreign climes; the careless, light-hearted, joyous life led by the military man; the independent position which the soldier maintained in society;—"but," so ran his summary, "this is an idle train of thought: my father's past experience leads him to oppose me, decidedly, on the point; and," added he, with his calm, sweet, thoughtful smile, "ours is a struggling family; we want money."

To this let us add a conversation in later life:—

FOLLETT ON MASONRY.

The future Attorney-General had been for many months called to the Bar when we again met. This was early in 1826. He then spoke calmly but feelingly of the professional jealousy which existed among those to whom he was now affiliated. "Players' rivalry," said he, "is a joke to it. You can have no conception of its extent, or strength, unless you yourself belonged to the profession." He then reverted to past scenes and mutual friends; and in the course of conversation, I inferred, from a passing remark, that he had become a Mason. I asked if my conclusion was correct. "It is," was his reply: "I was initiated at Cambridge." Light had not then beamed upon myself; and I expressed in scoffing terms my astonishment. "In your early struggles at the Bar," remarked he with quiet earnestness, "you require something to reconcile you to your kind. You see so much of bitterness, and rivalry, and jealousy, and hatred, that you are thankful to call into active agency a system which creates in all its varieties kindly sympathy, cordial and wide-spread benevolence, and brotherly love." "But surely," said I, "you don't go the length of asserting that Masonry does all this?" "And more! The true Mason thinks no evil of his brother, and cherishes no designs against him. The system itself annihilates parties. And as to censoriousness and calumny, most salutary and stringent is the curb which masonic principle, duly carried out, applies to an unbridled tongue." "Well! well! you cannot connect it with religion: you cannot, say or do as you will, affirm of it that Masonry is a religious system." "By-and-by, you will know better," was his reply. "Now I will only say this, that the Bible is never closed in a Mason's lodge; that Masons habitually use prayer in their lodges; and, in point of fact, never assemble for any purpose without performing acts of religion:—I gave you credit," continued he with a smile, "for being more thoroughly emancipated from nursery trammels and slavish prejudice."

Another interesting paper contains the reminiscences of a literary soirée at Hursts. Here it is:—

LITERARY LIONS.

Sir Walter Scott, and Maturin, the author of "Melmoth," and Letitia Hawkins, and the Porters—(who that has ever read them will forget "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the "Recluse of Norway"?—and the accomplished authoress of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," and Gifford, the editor of the "Quarterly," and the eccentric but ill-fated Colton, were among those who were gathered around that hospitable table. Alas! upon how many of these the grave has closed for ever! To this hour I remember the impression which the language, opinions, and ardour of the last-named gifted being left upon his auditors. He had entered, half in jest and half in earnest, into an ingenious and lengthy argument with Gifford, that the sun was the residence of suffering spirits; in a word, that that luminary was hell! Now Gifford, with all his critical acumen and vast resources, was no debater; he wanted temper; he chafed when contradicted; and in reply was querulous and waspish. His remarks under excitement ceased to be ingenious, and became personal and acrimonious. It may, therefore, easily be imagined that Colton had the best of it, even on this apparently desperate position. Gifford saw this, and waxed still more angry; and the debate had assumed an almost personal turn, when Sir Walter put an end to it by good-humouredly observing, "Well, well, gentlemen, pray settle it your own way; for my own part, I desire no further light on the subject. May I ever remain in my present pro-

found state of ignorance!" Of him, I grieve to say, my impressions are by no means so distinct. He was not then the acknowledged author of "Waverley," and the other magnificent creations of the same fertile brain; and the deference paid to him then, though great, was not the same, either in nature or amount, as that subsequently awarded him. I remember his telling a very amusing little tale touching the storming of an eagle's eyrie, in the Highlands, to a slight, fair-haired little girl who sat by his side during some part of the evening, and to whom, though always extremely partial to children, he seemed to have taken a sudden fancy. Of one fact I have a thorough recollection. The conversation happened to turn immediately upon the malady of the late king. He remarked, "He always hoped he should die before his faculties became extinct. To survive their decay was, to his mind, the greatest calamity which could befall a thinking being." Maturin here reminded him of the incident recorded in the life of Dean Swift, namely, that almost immediately previous to his aberration of intellect, Swift, while walking in the park, paused before a majestic oak, green and flourishing in its lower branches, but decayed and leafless at the summit, and pointing to it, said, "I shall be like that tree—I shall die at top." "I have often, sir," rejoined Scott, slowly and thoughtfully, "mused upon that expression; and many as are the touching sentiments which the Dean has uttered, that, I think, in simple pathos, is superior to them all." Gifford here struck in: "The texture of Swift's mind disposed him to insanity. He saw everything around him through a distorted medium." "But his writings," Maturin quietly observed, "are remarkably lucid as well as forcible. At least"—he quickly added, observing the frown that was gathering on Gifford's brow—"such they appear to me." "Sir, he was a disappointed man," said Gifford, gloomily and fiercely; "he possessed great talents, which brought not to their owner the advancement he desired. The gloom of his own prospects infected his writings; he thought harshly of human nature. But," he added, after a moment's pause, with an expression of bitter satisfaction which is perfectly indescribable, "one quality he possessed in perfection: he was a good hater!" "No very enviable faculty, after all, Mr. Gifford," said Sir Walter, with an easy, good-humoured smile. "Rather an equivocal encomium to pass on a man to say that he is a good hater," said Colton, tittering. "Sir," said Gifford, looking from one to the other with an eye that seemed to speak—(if the reader will pardon such an expression). For the moment he seemed uncertain which he should gore. At length, fixing on Colton, he burst out with—"Priest, read your Bible: Scripture bids us 'pray for our enemies,' and 'love our enemies,' but nowhere does it bid us trust our enemies. Nay, it positively cautions us against it. Read your bible, priest—read your bible." "But Swift was a poet," said Maturin, anxiously interposing, in the hope of quelling the storm; "and are not poets privileged to live in a world of their own?" "You do, madam," said Gifford, with a smile so awfully grim, so bitterly gracious, that the muscles of a marble statue, methought, would have relaxed more easily; "and your world," turning to Miss Jane Porter, "is full of bright thoughts and happy images." The handsome novelist bowed and smiled, but not a word escaped her. At this moment a buzz, or rather whisper, of—"Lawrence, Lawrence," went round the room; and in a few moments the prince of modern portrait-painters joined the circle. He—be his prejudices and prepossessions what they may—who had ever the good fortune to meet in society the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, must have been struck with that graceful address and winning manner which so warmly endeared him to his friends, and rendered him so great a favourite with his royal patron. It was not the mere conventional politeness of society, manifested alike to all, and often worn as a mask to hide the bitter and goading passions of envy, avarice, and hatred; but a kindness and cordiality of feeling which seemed to aim at making others happy, and appeared to spring fresh from the heart. His person was very striking. He bore a remarkable resemblance to Canning. He knew it, and was proud of it. But his temper, calm, even, and self-possessed, had no affinity to the irritable, restless, anxious, morbid temperament of that gifted but pliant statesman. Having, in his usual quiet, graceful manner, paid his compliments to those of the party with whom

he was previously acquainted, he singled out Maturin as the object of his special attentions. He expressed, in few but forcible terms, his "gratification at meeting one whose writings had beguiled him of many a weary hour." There was something kind in this; for Maturin was at that time struggling into fame, and notice from such a man as Lawrence could not be otherwise than grateful. "So," said Gifford, testily, as the president paused beside his chair with a kind and courteous inquiry, "so you have found me out at last, have ye? Humph! much flattered by your notice! Humph! Have you seen the king lately?"

Moreover, there are tales, and some narratives that read like fictions. Such is the following, the substance of which, however, we remember to have heard or read before—but not so well told.

THE FOREIGN SORCERESS AND THE BRITISH MINISTERS.

At Paris, during the early part of the year 1827, and the autumn of 1828 and 1829, resided a lady whose pretensions and performances caused no slight sensation among the novelty-seeking coteries of that gay capital. Madame de Strzelecki was a woman advanced in years, plain in appearance, and grave in address. She spoke in the tone and diction of one who had been accustomed to move in the higher grades of society: but of her descent, connections, plans, and resources, no one seemed able to glean the slightest information. She professed to unveil the future: and though her fee was gold, and though she saw those only who waited upon her with a formal introduction from a previous client, the equipages that were found loitering near her spacious dwelling in Rue de la Paix chez la Barrière du Roule contained half the beauty and *haut ton* of Paris. And yet the information she gave was partial. It related to two epochs only in the life of those who consulted her—death and marriage. She would place before you the lively scene and gay appendages of the one; and the languor, gloom, and restlessness of the other. On neither spectacle was it her custom to offer one single syllable of remark. She left her visitant to draw his own moral from the scene. Among the strangers in Paris at that period were two Englishmen of great though opposite talent—both ambitious men—each idolized by his respective party—each the sworn champion of a certain set of opinions—both high in the favour of the sovereign whom they served, and aspiring to the most enduring rewards which talent and energy could win. They heard from fifty gay voices the fame of Madame de Strzelecki; and as a mere whim of the moment—an impromptu extravaganza—they resolved to visit the mystic in disguise, and to test her pretensions. They were described, in the note of introduction which they presented, as "two American gentlemen, whose stay in Paris must be, under any circumstances, short; whose errand there was some commercial speculation, the issue of which might recall them to Philadelphia at a few hours' notice. They entreated, therefore, the favour of an immediate audience." It was granted at once. She received them, as was her wont, in silence. But upon the first who entered her apartment (the younger, and by far the more intellectual-looking of the two) she gazed long and earnestly. "You are married, and have two sons and a daughter," was the off-hand declaration with which she met his bow: "the scene of your nuptials, therefore, you cannot well have forgotten! That of your demise is the spectacle which I presume you wish to have brought before you?" "You anticipate me, Madam," was the reply; "but such is undoubtedly, the object of my present visit."

"And you, sir," said she, turning to his companion, "are married, but childless." "Do you wish to gaze upon the closing scene of your busy life? Perhaps," added she, with more of interest and feeling than she generally exhibited, "you will abandon your intention? Reconsider it." "By no means: the ordeal which is gallily courted by my companion I would also brave." "Have you firmness and resolution?" demanded the lady: "have you nerve to gaze upon a very harrowing spectacle?" "Without it, ought I to have come hither?" "I am answered. Follow me." She led the way, as she spoke, out of the apartment, and the Englishmen followed her. They crossed a small, low passage: passed through a narrow portal; a second; a third; and then found themselves in a hall of very considerable extent. It was paved with black marble, and decorated at each end with four

slender pillars of the same material. In the centre rose a very large jet-black basin, filled with dark water to a considerable depth. A cupola, or lantern, admitted a tempered light from above; and the deep basin was so placed, that whatever daylight the dome admitted fell full upon it. But, despite of the noble proportions of the hall, and the lightness of the pillars, and the fairy tracery of the cupola, there was an air of gloom over the whole apartment. It seemed a fitting scene to communicate tidings of approaching sorrow, separation, sickness, silence, death. "Look on this dark water," said their conductress: "it shall speak to you of the future. If death be at a distance, it will sink some feet in every second that you gaze upon it. If your parting hour approaches, it will rise rapidly; and if the very last sands in life's hour-glass be running, will mount till it be checked only by the margin. If it be fated that death shall approach you in the guise of violence, the water shall instantly bubble up. If caused by accident, it will change colour once, twice, thrice, fast as the hues of the rainbow melt into each other and vanish, even while you gaze on them. If death overtake you by gradual decay, and in the common course of nature, other than a gentle ripple over its surface, no change will the still water know or tell. You understand me?" "I do." "Fully?" "I conceive so." "Approach, then. Gaze steadfastly on that dark surface, and it shall mirror to thee, fully and faithfully, the future."

The calmer, and graver, and sadder of the two advanced slowly to the margin with a look of mingled curiosity and incredulity which sat strangely on his heavy, massive, and somewhat passionless features. In an instant the water rose at least two feet—changed colour rapidly, and evidently more than once—and then became dark and motionless as before. "Ah! not far distant—and by accident!" The mystic made no reply, but merely motioned him by a gesture to gaze on. He did so, and as he looked he beheld a mimic representation of a scene of great confusion. Countless multitudes were assembled—there was running to and fro—horsemen were riding in all directions—the spectators were conversing eagerly with each other—and deep dismay sat on many a countenance. This faded from the surface, and there was presented to him a small room in what appeared to be a road-side inn. Three or more individuals it contained, to whose persons he was a perfect stranger. But there was one present whose features he instantly recognised—one who was ever dear to him—his wife. Her countenance was calm, but there was stamped on it deep and indescribable distress. Propped up with pillows in the foreground was a figure which he instantly admitted to be his own. But how painfully was he pictured! The eye was wandering and restless—every feature bore the impress of intense agony—and the face was overspread with that cold grey tint which so surely foretels impending dissolution. He looked at it steadily for a few seconds. A sort of mist seemed to come over his vision. He withdrew his gaze for an instant from the fountain, and when he again resumed his observation the painful scene had wholly disappeared! His inquiring look of astonishment and emotion the mystic returned with apathy. The agitation manifested in his countenance was strangely contrasted by the fixed, rigid expression of her's. His appeared a painful struggle with conflicting feelings: her countenance wore its usual air of cold and impassive indifference. "What! it's past a joke?" said the younger of the two, advancing gaily towards the fountain; "the answer of the oracle is not palatable, eh? Take your favourite poet's advice henceforth:

But now of me and to me what says the future? The water rose a few inches and then became stationary. On its surface next appeared a small chamber; limited in its dimensions—humble in its accommodations, antique and clumsy in its furniture, and altogether pretensionless in its comforts and appointments. Gardens seemed to stretch around it of considerable extent; and on the mantel-piece he remarked a small bronze clock of singular shape and construction. His attention, at once, became intently and painfully fixed. "Charles, as I live!" he exclaimed, as his eye rested on the lineaments of a youth, who was holding the hand of a sick person, in the full vigour of life, but evidently racked with bodily agony.

"The other figure I conceive to be that—that"—continued he, speaking slowly and after a lengthened pause—"yes! that of Charles's dying father! 'Tis a painful spectacle," added he, turning from the fountain, "and I know not what benefit is to be derived from a lengthened contemplation of it. Come: the day wears. We will leave this clever, disagreeable, and certainly most puzzling exhibition." He took his friend's arm as he spoke, and advanced to pay his parting devoirs to the mystic, and with them her fee. The first she returned coldly: the latter she peremptorily rejected. "I am already remunerated; amply remunerated!" was her unexpected and startling declaration.—"Sufficient honour for me if I have administered to the amusement; the passing amusement,"—the bitter emphasis placed on this last word conveyed a meaning which those whom she addressed seemed to feel and shrink from—"of two such distinguished state servants of his Britannic Majesty as Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Canning!" Again, with exquisite mockery, she curtailed deeper and more deferentially than before, and ere they could recover from their surprise, left them.

Besides these, there is a deal more that will repay perusal, and make charity its own reward.

Illustrations of Eating: Displaying the Omnivorous Character of Man, and Exhibiting the Natives of various Countries at Feeding Time. By a BEEF EATER. London, 1846. J. R. Smith.

HOVERING between jest and earnest, this little work conveys a great deal of information in a very small space. Having shewn the importance of the subject, and that there are three grand methods of procuring food—the simple, the adventurous, and the ingenious,—the author presents a brief account of the process of digestion, citing the words of the famous JOHN HUNTER:—"Some physiologists will have it that the stomach is a mill; others, that it is a fermenting vat; others again, that it is a stew-pan; but in my opinion, gentlemen, it is neither a mill, nor a fermenting vat, nor a stew-pan; but a stomach, gentlemen—a STOMACH." The remainder of the volume is devoted to accounts of the foods consumed by different nations, with analyses of the various sorts of food, the rationale of roasting and boiling, &c. Here are some

ODD DIETS.

A large fly, which is produced near the Mexican Lake, lays innumerable eggs on the rushes which border the shores. These eggs are collected by the natives, who make them into a sort of paste, for sale in the markets, where it is eagerly purchased for food, and is said to resemble caviare. Moreover, many kinds of insects, even in the mature state, are dried, reduced to powder, and made into paste, for the same purpose. But the most remarkable food used in Mexico, as also in many of the West India Islands, is the flesh of the monkeys with which most of their forests are plentifully stocked. To prepare this dish, the body is scalded in order to remove the hair, and after this operation has been neatly performed, the creature has the exact appearance of a dead child, and, of course, would be rather ornamental than useful on the table of an Englishman. It is not at all improbable that many of our savage nations may have been accused of cannibalism, merely from the circumstance of their indulging in this sort of food; and for, according to Ulloa, the appearance of the monkey of Panama, when being cooked, is precisely that of a human body. The American Indians are very fond of rattlesnakes, and boiled or stewed. The anaconda and other boas afford a whole-some diet to the natives of the countries they inhabit. Crocodiles, iguanas, and other lizards, are eaten in South America and the Bahama Islands. The sloth is also a common article of diet in South America, and is said to have the flavour of boiled mutton. The tapir and the armadillo are eaten by the Brazilian and the West Indian; and the opossum is eaten in Peru. Humboldt says the children in some parts of America may be seen dragging enormous centipedes from their holes, and crunching them between their teeth without compunction.

And amusing is this sketch of

AN ABYSSINIAN FEAST.

On convenient occasions, the Abyssinians of the best fashion in the villages, courtiers in the palace, or citizens in the town, of both sexes, meet together to dine between twelve and one o'clock. A long table is set in the middle of a large room, and benches beside it for the number of guests who are invited. A cow or bull (one or more, as the company is numerous) is brought close to the door, and his feet strongly tied. The skin that hangs down under his chin and throat is cut only so deep as to arrive at the fat, and, by the separation of a few small blood-vessels, six or seven drops of blood fall upon the ground. Having satisfied the Mosaic law, according to their conception, by pouring these six or seven drops upon the ground, two or more of them fall to work. On the back of the beast, and on each side of the spine, they cut skin-deep; then putting their fingers between the flesh and the skin, they strip the hide of the animal half way down his ribs, and so on to the buttock, cutting the skin wherever it presents any impediment to their operations. All the flesh of the buttocks is then cut off, and in solid square pieces, without bones, or much effusion of blood; and the prodigious noise the animal makes is a signal for the company to sit down to table. There are then laid before every guest, instead of plates, round cakes, about twice as big as a pancake, and somewhat thicker and tougher. They are made of a grain called teff; and though of a sourish taste they are far from being disagreeable, and are very easily digested. Three or four of these cakes are generally laid upon each other for the food of the person opposite to whose seat they are placed; and beneath these four or five others of the ordinary bread, which is of a blackish kind. These serve the master to wipe his fingers upon, and afterwards the servant for bread to his dinner. Two or three servants then come in with square pieces of beef in their bare hands, and lay them upon the cakes of teff. By this time all the guests have knives in their hands; the men have the large crooked ones which they put to all sorts of uses during the time of war, and the women have small clasp knives, such as the worst of the kind made at Birmingham. The company are so arranged that one man sits between two women. The man first cuts a thin piece off the large square, while you yet see the motion of the fibres; the women then cut it lengthwise into strips, about the thickness of a finger, and crosswise into square pieces, something smaller than dice. This they lay upon a piece of the teff bread, strongly powdered with Cayenne, or black pepper, and fossil salt; they then wrap it up in teff bread like a cartridge. In the mean time the man having put up his knife, with a hand resting on each woman's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it into his mouth, which so fills it that he is in constant danger of being choked. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger piece he takes in his mouth; and the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite he is thought to be. They have, indeed, a proverb to this effect—"Beggars and thieves only eat small pieces, or without making a noise." Having despatched the first mouthful, his next female neighbour holds forth another cartridge, which goes the same way; and so on till he is satisfied. He never drinks till he has finished eating, and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the beef and teff bread; each of his neighbours then opens her mouth at the same time, while with each hand he puts in the roll. He then falls to drinking out of a large handsome horn; the ladies eat till they are satisfied, and then they all drink together. A great deal of mirth and joke goes round, rarely with any mixture of acrimony or ill-humour. During the whole of this time the victim at the door still lives. As long as they can cut off flesh from the other parts they do not meddle with the thighs, or the parts where the great arteries are. At last, they fall upon these also; and the animal, bleeding to death, becomes so tough, that the servants, who have the rest of it to eat, are obliged to gnaw it from the bones like dogs.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Clelia Conti. Von IDA, GRAFIN HAHN HAHN. Berlin, 1846. A. Duncker.

Clelia Conti. By IDA, COUNTESS HAHN HAHN, Berlin, &c.

For some years past, no book from the pen of the Countess HAHN HAHN has made its appearance, without exciting the bitterest and almost universal animosity in the critical world. Nevertheless, Madame HAHN HAHN remains what she was before, an authoress whom everybody reads. This may, in some measure, comfort her for the opposition and ridicule which she has had to endure; it may prove to her that nothing from her hands can fall unnoticed; but it should enlighten her also on that which renders her position in the literary world so peculiarly difficult. We, who feel nothing but admiration for her talents as a writer, have ever regretted to see men of standing expend their words and feelings on a matter which ultimately becomes one of party jealousy; we have been naturally concerned to find all voices against her—none for her; and we fancy ourselves, being free from the prejudices which have, perhaps, unconsciously biased many judgments upon her, better calculated to explain the causes of this hardness and injustice. It is neither envy, jealousy, nor hatred against the aristocracy, which bring out, in such unamiable light, the opinions of those who should be more dispassionate. It is the authoress herself, in her exclusive, independent course, who works thus upon her critics, and, instead of awakening understanding and consideration, rouses only animosity and ill-will. This exclusiveness manifests itself most especially in the indifference with which she receives every reproof of the critics or of the public. She seems constantly expressing, with the head slightly raised and thrown back, "What is all this clamour to me? How can your critiques interest me? Do I not know all things as well, if not better, than you do? Can any one among you teach me, the authoress of 'Faustine'—me, the traveller—anything I do not know beforehand?"

This pride and assumption, which might be all very well, and perhaps excusable, among the dames of Pomerania and Mecklenburg, who knew not, ten years ago, that the Countess IDA could do what she has done, and might, therefore, be pardonably exhibited at the races at Gustrów or Dobberau, cannot be carried out, in any consistent fashion, in the arena of literature. This extraordinary self-satisfaction, this want of apprehensibility, are the points which irritate others against her, and render her literary position with every year more untenable. Unfortunately, little weaknesses of this kind work material damage to her talents. Each book, as it appears, is read by the impartial with unquestionable pleasure; in each we must admire the vigour of conception, the powers of reflection, and the poetical tendencies evidenced throughout; and yet lament that in each, these gifts, subjected to no kinds of order or progression, seem threatening to be drawn closer and closer within the circles of drawing-room life; seem ever to have less chance of going of themselves, but rather perversely and blindly follow the narrow path they have chosen, and, probably, now never will leave, were all the angels of heaven or the demons of the lower world to rise up and implore their author to abandon, for a while, the chains and trammels of those aristocratic spheres.

Were the Countess HAHN HAHN one of those humble-minded geniuses who overcome themselves so far as to suffer no opposing, and apparently inimical, blame to pass by unheeded, to what a height had she not exalted herself by this time; how perfectly might she not have been developed! But she listens to no one, looks neither to one side or the other, compasses nothing. She is, once for all, the high-born Countess HAHN HAHN; she

will live and die in her own individuality; on this account she rejects all alteration of her style, still Frenchifies on all occasions, talks of "emotions bedurfnisse," "desolat," and so on; using and making words which are, heaven knows and be thanked for it, to be found in no other dictionary but hers. On this account she describes strong-minded women and weak-hearted men, aristocratic tendencies, and refinements of thought and feeling. Did she but look around her, but cast a glance at other distinguished authoresses; not, perhaps, on those of Germany, for she holds them, one and all, as not worthy of much reference—at DE STAEL or GEORGE SAND—she must confess, spite of all vanity and self-love, that these minds, of first-rate talent, have developed themselves very differently to hers. With what conscientious energy did DE STAEL travel through Germany, before she would suffer herself to write upon that *terra incognita*! How willingly she gave ear to the reflections and remarks of all who surrounded her! how patiently did she suffer herself to be informed! how eagerly she taught herself, looked back, compared, analyzed, worked upon quite heterogeneous materials, reflected, and reflected again, wrote not exclusively either romances or letters, but likewise essays upon this and that abstract question—in short, exerted herself to the utmost, now in this, now in that department of knowledge! And what Madame DE STAEL once did, is now done by the also high-born GEORGE SAND; one who proceeds, it would seem, from a race of German princes. To her all one-sidedness is strange and foreign; she follows the questions of the day with a beating heart, and accompanies her age, or rather precedes it, with all the energies of her mind and strength. At first, certainly, she wrote only romances which were framed in by aristocratic circles, but in all a higher idea governed supreme; then she wrote upon what the times demanded,—upon religion, upon politics, socialism, communion, on music and literature, on the condition of the people, whereto belong, in particular, two of her last works, "Le Pêché de M. Antoine," and "La Mare au Diable," which are, indeed, nothing but French village tales, in all their beautiful simplicity. Madame DUDEVANT and DE STAEL may prove to the Countess HAHN HAHN, how genius can develop itself when it once frees itself from one-sidedness; they may shew the way by which also she must go, if she would write, not only for herself and her own pleasure, but likewise for the benefit of her age. It has often struck us, that she does not regard her purpose, or view her gifts, in a sufficiently earnest light. Judging, indeed, by her preface, we should be led to believe that her heart beats very lightly, on contemplating her literary career; be this, however, as it may, one thing is certain, that it must be a matter of earnest desire to all her readers that this really talented writer should, if possible, free herself from this intense subjectivity, interest herself more in public interests than in her own, or rather, make them altogether personal, and select new ground, new materials for her labours. The seed, which she would sow, would flourish luxuriantly, for she is wanting neither in gifts nor in judgment; she wants only will and universality.

Clelia Conti is a book which the public receive thankfully, as a very successful diversion, as a means of driving away irksome time; but it leaves behind no long-sounding echo; it strikes no deep chord in the heart. The treatment is excellent, the materials themselves have been already worn out. *Clelia Conti* is in one respect an exception to the general rule; she appears before us, a being, who for love does and suffers all things, never judges, but always loves, learns little or nothing from life itself, but all things by feeling; a compound, in fact, of Juliette, in "Leone Leoni," and Indiana, and others of the same nature. But in this well-used material, which gives but little earnest of the powers of invention, evi-

denced in "Faustine" and "Cecil," she has known how to breathe the breath of life, which, because it pours from the heart, must move and affect the heart. If Clelia appears to us very closely on the borders of the unreal, if Achatz is, when analysed, a truly unnatural character, most weak in what is meant to be his strength, on the whole an impossibility: still, it must be granted, that the struggle between him and Clelia, which is represented in the first part, is so absorbing, so genuine, that the circumstances, pushed to the extreme of probability, lose thereby all their harshness, and want of nature. During the reading, all criticism keeps aloof; we are too much interested to observe; it is only on reflection that these faults appear. In the moment we are surprised, overwhelmed, often breathless; a strong proof, if proof were wanting, that the talent of the writer is great enough to throw over all her errors the dazzling veil of enthusiasm; but, at the same time, another and more urgent cause why she should be subjected to the severest inquisitorial examination, and made strictly to answer for her deeds, her views, and her opinions.

In the eyes of many Clelia must appear immoral, not sufficiently bounden to general laws. Many would say, "as she married Achatz, she belonged to him, and must be beholden to him." There were moments when it occurred also to us, when we felt that Clelia's actions were not sufficiently accounted for, her motives not clear enough, her reasons not quite apparent; but this was never felt after the moment in which she declares herself to be the mother of Gundaccar's child. From this moment her position with regard to Achatz becomes accounted for, and in fact necessitated. It was a pity that the author selected no other means of reunion between the lovers than that which partakes so much of the nature of ordinary romance writing.

Beyond doubt, the second part of the tale, entitled "A Happy Life," is infinitely better than the first; there is more action, more truth, more nerve in it; and Clelia's character is seen in a more tangible practical light. She now lives, and acts. On the other hand, Gundaccar is a man who, doing and thinking nothing, inspires no sort of sympathy, but only a dull compassion; he is animated neither by love nor misfortune, but he drinks, because in poverty he finds himself miserable. Details such as these must always be repulsive. If Gundaccar stole or murdered, it would be a relief; we should imagine some energy there; but he is only a drunkard, and who can feel with this intoxicated characterless man, who suffers his wife and child to starve, and himself to be supported, if possible, by her? It occurred to us in reading this, what sad, what unfortunate results are generally consequent upon so-called noble education; and how often it is we see the peasant and the artisan, in their narrow confined sphere, rising far above the aristocrat, with his excited and perverted organization! But with social questions of this nature Madame HAHN HAHN has but little to do; she prefers rather to paint her own class as they are, never saying what it could be, or what it ought to be.

The picture of Clelia, with the growing Tranquillina, the lovely Villa, and the romantic Veranda, is pretty and poetical; there is much beauty in the death of Clelia, who so well deserved a peaceful end, after a life filled with such painful emotions; for we cannot fully sympathize with the writer, in feeling that a short and happy life, an honoured name, and an undying love, are blessings which fall to the lot of only Heaven's favoured few. We are not fully satisfied with the fate of Tranquillina. It appears to us that a daughter of Clelia, encircled by the protecting spirit of her mother, deserved a happier lot than that the author prepared for her. We must add one more remark. Why is it that she persists in selecting, for the most part, such peculiar names as

Clelia, Tranquillina, Gundaccar, Euphemia, Tosca, Unica, and so forth? Greater simplicity and greater taste would be more pleasing to every one, and she might still adhere to her own loved individuality. We need but refer to GOETHE, whose female characters are drawn from the deepest springs of human nature, and which yet bear the most universal names; Charlotte, Ottilie, Mariane, Eugenie.

Our extracts, in illustration of these observations, we must reserve for the next CRITIC.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

FLOWERS.—One of the most interesting sights which London has this autumn afforded, is the superb display of Chrysanthemums in the gardens of the Hon. Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple. Rich as these gardens have been in spring and summer flowers, at no period of the year have they presented so gay an appearance as they do now. The intelligent chief gardeners, Messrs. Broome and Dale, state that on no previous season has their success in the treatment of this flower been so triumphant as this year. Upwards of eighty varieties are now in bloom; and so rich is the show offered by the gardens, that many floriculturists from the provinces have made visits to town solely to gratify their curiosity as to this exhibition.

ART.

A Manual of Gothic Architecture. By F. A. PALEY, M.A. Author of "A Manual of Gothic Mouldings," &c. London, 1846. Van Voorst.

THE purpose of this volume is to aid the student in distinction, classification, and analysis of architectural details. Having in an introduction defined the general characteristics of Gothic architecture, Mr. PALEY proceeds to the nomenclature of this style. A distinct chapter is devoted to the pointed, or Gothic style; the windows and the doorways are then described. The uniformity and progressive character of the Gothic style is next considered; then the principles of Gothic composition, construction, and effect, and the parts of churches; concluding with a chapter on monumental brasses.

Gothic architecture had its origin in the middle ages. It grew out of the Romanesque, or debased classical, and its existence dates from about the year 1150 to 1550. But it did not spring up suddenly: it gradually grew out of the Latin style, and as gradual was its decline. A distinct unbroken pedigree may be traced amid all the innovations and revolutions to which art was subject.

Mr. PALEY considers that, in the Roman *atrium* is to be found the first germ of the Gothic church. This was the largest apartment of a villa, a square room, of large size, whose roof was supported by four pillars. From this was derived the Basilica, the immediate progenitor of the Gothic church.

In the reign of Constantine, when the persecution of the Christians had ceased, spacious churches were first erected for their worship on the overthrow and with the materials of ancient Pagan temples. These Basilican churches, as they are called, of which many of very early date still remain at Rome and other places in Italy, were mostly built in the form of a double cube, that is, twice as long as broad, terminating in a semicircular apsis. Along each side of the central *porticus*, or nave, extended a row of columns and arches, thus dividing the church into three longitudinal parts—our nave and aisles. The principal arches sustained a triforium, or gallery, above, and a clerestory; and the roofs were of wood. The choir was not at first a separate excrescence like our chancels, but an inclosed space at the end of the body or nave. This is still seen in the Basilica of San Clemente at Rome, built in the fourth century "an exact specimen," says the late Mr. Gally Knight, "of a primitive church."

The Basilican form continued to be used till the eleventh century.

Mr. GALLY KNIGHT considers that the shape of the cross for the ground-plan, and the transeptal projections, were introduced about A.D. 580. The dome was first added by the Byzantine architects of the fourth century. It was originally intended as a vast cover, suspended in air over the relics of a buried saint. The chancel arch was anciently the triumphal arch dividing sanctuary from nave, and symbolizing the gate of Heaven. The crypts were derived from the custom of building churches over the martyrs who were buried in the catacombs. The descent to their relics was afterwards managed by an open space, called the confessionary.

The early churches did not always turn eastward; but in the middle ages the rule is invariably observed, whatever the inconvenience of the locality.

The earliest ecclesiastical structures in England were a sort of semi-Roman style; this gave place to one more pure, to which, because it is supposed to have been introduced at the Conquest, the name of *Norman* has been given. This, however, speedily gave place to the more gorgeous and graceful style, of which Mr. PALEY speaks in the following language of deserved eulogy:—

Such, then, were the humble beginnings of English Church architecture, which for many centuries afterwards may be said to have run a career of undying splendour, occasionally changing, yet never really becoming deteriorated, while the spirit of religious faith and liberality remained unimpaired. Its final decline or debasement, in respect of principles as well as of detail, commenced with the reign of Henry VIII. The troubles of this and the succeeding reigns gave, in England, a death blow to its yet lingering and occasionally energetic and beautiful efforts. It was most unhappily and unworthily succeeded by what we may call the Classic or Pagan age, for which the revival of literature, as it is called, and the extended use of the art of printing, together with the overthrow of the ancient faith and suppression of the monasteries, prepared the way. Then, the great and chivalrous associations of the middle ages being lost, as well as the piety and taste which had eminently characterised them, heathenism was once more invited to lend its aid in forming for newly enlightened Christians a worse than brazen era of architecture. Henceforth, nothing was admired but Grecian and Roman structures and ornaments: nothing was appreciated but the designs and emblems of idolatry. So perverted and infatuated was the taste of that time, that the once Catholic and beautiful England, the land of mighty abbeys, cathedrals, and churches without number, was every where disfigured with ugly and unchristian piles in burlesque imitation of the foreign shrines of heathen gods. Then it was that the ancient and national style of architecture was called in ignorance and derision the *Gothic*. The term is in itself absurd and calumnious; but it has now become so general that it avails little to endeavour to supersede it by another. England was the country in which the Gothic or Christian style was most exquisitely and most sumptuously developed, especially in respect of its details. But France, Germany, Holland, and the Low Country, and even Italy to some extent, used the very same style, and with only some comparatively trifling differences. From the latter country it was to be expected that the ancient and national school of art, adapted as it was to climate and materials, and endeared by association, should never be entirely banished in after times. Nor was it reasonable that it should, when its adoption by the first Christians had hallowed and perpetuated it. The Italian style only becomes inappropriate and displeasing when out of place, and a strange uneasy settler in a foreign clime. It is vain to defend the architecture of St. Paul's in London by that of St. Peter's at Rome.

Happily, our own times have experienced a revival of taste; and not only is the utmost diligence exercised to preserve and restore the beautiful monuments that yet remain to us, but the influence of that diffused taste is visible in all our modern structures; some of the recent churches rivalling those of the middle ages in their designs.

It would be impossible in these our narrow limits to follow Mr. PALEY through his minute and interesting history and illustrations of Gothic architecture. His book should be in the hands of all whom the subject has at any time attracted; of all who have travelled or intend to travel; of all the lovers of art, in its noblest development; of all students of church history; of all young persons, of whose education a knowledge of the principles of architecture should form a part. Here will each find an intelligent and intelligible teacher, who, in a small compass, at trifling cost, by the united help of pen and pencil, has produced a manual which is as attractive to the eye as its information is pleasing to the mind. And that a spirit of piety pervades his work the following passage will prove. It is intended to shew the

GOthic ARCHITECTURE AN EXPONENT OF THE MIND OF THE CHURCH.

It must appear to any reasoning being both natural and proper that the Church should have gradually developed for herself a peculiar, characteristic, and symbolical architecture, at once adapted for the celebration, and conveying to the moral sense of the worshipper the awful and mystic meaning of her religious rites. Thus the ingenuity of man and his zeal in the service of God, as well as an innate tendency to the objective expression of his faith, led him to design structures proportionate at once to the outward requirements of worship, and to the wealth, and peace, and prosperity of a Christian land. It seems a principle inseparable from any healthy and rational view of the church and of religion, to set apart for divine worship certain buildings, and to make these buildings so much the more costly and elaborately beautiful than secular ones, that is, than the mere habitations of man, as their uses and objects are higher, purer, and more exalted. It has ever been the natural tribute of gratitude and adoration, due from man to his Maker, to consecrate the best of His gifts to His honour, by erecting temples to His glory, as testimonies of their piety and faith. Such, at least, were the recognised principles of the Christian Church from very early ages; and those persons seem incapable of realizing some of the highest and purest actions and emotions of the human mind, who, in these latter times, consider them but as the workings of a blind superstition, and would carry us back to the humble sheds and upper rooms as fit models for our own places of worship, simply because they were the earliest which the church ever knew. They were wiser who thought that the offerings on her altars should always be proportioned to her increasing influence, and her outward dress accord with her spiritual dignity.

MUSIC.

New Publications.

Let us be Happy Now. Ballad; poetry by JOHN HURREY; music by GEO. J. O. ALLMAN.

There is music in this ballad. The spirit of the poet has been caught by the composer, and breathed into the strain. This is high praise, but not more than the desert.

MUSICAL GOSPEL.—PARIS.—The French version of Rossini's *Otello* has excited a lively interest at the Opera; Bethini created a great sensation; his style and method are not particularly worthy of commendation, but his voice is powerful and sweet, and in dramatic passages he is highly effective. Duprez has appeared in the *Favorita*, but has not equalled his former efforts. Carlotta Grisi is nightly received with tremendous acclamations. Mademoiselle Fucop has achieved a great success in Thomas's ballet, *Betty*. At the Italian, *Norma* and *Lucia* have been repeated. The *Nabucco* has been brought out with extraordinary splendour, and was received with enthusiasm. Ronconi's singing and acting are the theme of universal admiration. During the performance he was rapturously applauded. Pepine Brambilla is gifted with a true soprano voice, but has something to learn before she can

entirely satisfy a Parisian public. Mademoiselle Corbari made quite a feature of the second part of *Fenena*. She is altogether the best *seconda donna* that has been heard at the Theatre Italien for a long time. The *Nabucco* was entirely successful. The rehearsals of *Robert Bruce* continue daily: the latter end of the month is reported as the period fixed upon for its production. We do not think it will be performed so soon. Conflicting statements respecting this *pasticcio* are heard on all sides. Nothing has been decided on regarding Gardoni. Mons. Delatouche, a young tenor, who is said to be an excellent musician, and endowed with a charming voice, is announced to make his debut in *Fra Diavolo* at the Opera Comique. He is a pupil of the Conservatoire. MILAN.—The autumn season opened with Rossini's *Ricciardo e Zoraide*. Miss Hayes, Signors L'Angri, Calzari, and Bouché, were excellent in their respective parts. Masset, the Parisian tenor, was not so successful. His voice is very fine, but his pronunciation of the Italian is deficient, and mars his singing considerably. The *Lucia di Lammermoor* is in rehearsal for Miss Hayes, the English tenor, Melves, and the baritone, Bozzano. VIENNA.—Liszt is on a visit at Raab, with the Bishop Stankowitz, the great Meccenas of German music. St. PETERSBURGH.—Verdi's *Ernani* was produced on the 30th of September, for the first time, at the Grand Opera. The Emperor, Empress, and Court were present. The interpreters were, De Ginti Borsi, Guasco, Collini, and Tamburini. Tamburini's reception was most enthusiastic; he was magnificent in the part of *Silva*. Collini was greatly applauded, and sang a romanza with great effect. Guasco was very nervous at first, but subsequently created a sensation. RATTISBON.—While Mademoiselle Cerito and M. Leon were embarking their luggage on board a vessel moored near the quay, an accident occurred which was attended with serious loss to the fair *danseuse* and her *cara sposa*. A carriage conveying their entire wardrobe and valuables was being transferred from the quay to the ship by means of a plank; when, in some unaccountable manner it overturned, and was precipitated into the Danube. The vehicle was taken from the river after some delay, but not before nearly every article was spoiled. A splendid *cremona*, belonging to St. Leon, was injured beyond possibility of repair. Mdlle. Cerito's loss was very serious.—*Musical World.*

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

A HINT TO MANAGERS.—While viewing the vast crowd collected by JULIEN's Concert, the thought passed through our mind, Why should not the Drama be made equally attractive? The secret of JULIEN's success is, the convenient hour, and the shilling charge. Would not a play, at the same price, reward the enterprise? Let the private boxes be let at moderate charges; let the dress boxes be, as at JULIEN's, half-a-crown; open all the rest of the house at an uniform charge of a shilling, as is the continental custom: perhaps some half-dozen rows of the pit may be held as reserved seats, to be had on payment of a small extra fee. Begin at eight, end at eleven; give an opera, a tragedy, a comedy, or, perhaps, two *vaudevilles*, varying the entertainment nightly. We have not a doubt that full houses would follow, and, by judicious management, more would be realized than by the empty benches produced by present prices and hours.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The new farce here, *Keeping a Place*, is an amusing trifle enough, pleasantly played by Mrs. FOSBROKE and Miss LAPORTE, Messrs. GRANBY and COMPTON. Miss Dorothée Danvers is a spinster, fat, fair, and forty, who rejects the addresses of her cousin, Major Spikespur, because he has not poetry in his soul. She sighs for a youth, to her unknown, whom her solicitor has mentioned as of congenial mind, and a baronet moreover. She receives intimation that the poetical baronet has set off in disguise from his home, and that it is probable he has come to visit her *incognito*, in order to ascertain the truth of the glowing account rendered by her legal friend. At this identical moment, Miss Dorothée has indignantly dismissed her gardener, an impudent, bungling fellow, who, after a trial of two days only, evidently shows himself to be utterly ignorant of his professed business. An idea strikes her; this alleged gardener evidently has no idea of making himself useful in any way: he is therefore, as undeniably, a gentleman, and of course can be no other than the poetical baronet. Thereupon

she recalls Mr. Crows, who, on his part, is chiefly apprehensive of her looking into his bundle, where he has stowed away sundry pieces of fowl, slices of ham, and other vegetables. He is wholly amazed when she makes much of him, shakes hands with him, appoints him her "confidential secretary," and asks him to take lunch with her—circumstances which equally astonish Tidy, the maid, between whom and Crows there exists a sentiment. Major Spikespur then comes in, and having by some means also ascertained that the baronet is out *incognito*, conceives, like his cousin, that Crows is he. He tries all ways of picking a quarrel with the bewildered Crows, but nothing will do, not even nose pulling. At last, word comes that the baronet had gone to see, not Miss Dorothea, but some other lady, whom he has subsequently married, and so Major Spikespur receives the vacant hand of the forlorn Dorothea; and Crows, unable to bribe him to secrecy, tries a tip of six guineas, and keeps his place. Mr. SCOTT, an actor of some celebrity in the principal theatres of the United States, has made his appearance here, and been well received. We saw him on Wednesday in the character of *Rob Roy*, which he performed with good emphasis and discretion. His figure and voice are well adapted for this class of rugged impersonations. He no doubt makes an excellent *Dandy Dinmont*. Mrs. FOSBROKE looked and spoke the part of *Helena Macgregor* excellently. Mr. RYDER's impersonation of the *Dougal Cretur* was really a very able thing; and Mr. COMPTON is perhaps the best *Baillie Nicol Jarvie* that the stage now possesses. If he would "leave off his damnable face-making," and take pains, he might assume a very prominent position. There is his representation of *William*, in *As You Like It*, affording him no opportunity for grimacing; it is a true thing—brief, but perfect.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Among the many obligations to which Mr. PHELPS has subjected the public during his managerial career at this theatre, we would reckon as by no means the least in importance his revival of *Measure for Measure*, most excellently cast, and most efficiently and handsomely got up in other respects. The appearance of Miss LAURA ADDISON as *Isabella* is in itself an era in dramatic annals; we do not believe that a finer impersonation of the character ever did homage to SHAKESPEARE. We never saw Mrs. SIDONS, but we have read and heard a great deal about her, and we do not conceive that in any respect she can have surpassed Miss ADDISON in the part before us. We do not mean to suggest that Mrs. SIDONS, in her greatness, was not a greater tragedian than Miss ADDISON has yet become, but the character in question seems more peculiarly adapted for the display of Miss ADDISON's qualities than any other we have seen in her. She seems the very perfection of female purity. Virtuous, not from the mere ignorance of the existence of vice, or from a frigid apathy of temperament, but from a preference of virtue for its own sake. Her reception of the flagitious overtures of *Angelo* is admirably conceived; and equally admirable, or even still finer, is the scene wherein she overwhelms her brother with scornful indignation of the weakness and fear of death which induces him to desire his sister's dishonour. Miss MARIA ADDISON is well supported. Mr. PHELPS himself is the benevolent and philosophic *Duke*; Mr. G. BENNETT, a very able *Angelo*, and Mr. H. MELLON, an actor of high promise, his colleague, *Escalus*. Mr. SCARRI's representation of *Pompey* is a thoroughly Shakespearian performance. He gives the quips and sallies of the impudent knave's discourse with full pugnacy. The scene in which he and *Master Fyke* are brought before *Escalus* by *Master Constable Elbow* (Mr. A. YOUNGE, the very best *Master Constable Elbow* that we ever saw or can conceive of) is a true thing, and was received as such by the house. Mr. H. MARSTON, an actor of good judgment, is the *Claudius*. The minor characters are well sustained. Mr. KNIGHT's *Barnardine*, more especially, is an admirable sketch. The scenery is very good, and the appointments are handsome.

THE LYCEUM.—The season at this attractive theatre is about to close, until the Christmas holidays restore the KELLEYS to the scene of their many triumphs. During the interval, the house will be devoted to promenade concerts, undertaken by Mr. ALLPORT, and of which we hear very promising rumours.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Really Mr. BOLTON is entitled to very great credit for the manner in which he has got up *The Relapse*. A second visit has afforded us even greater pleasure than did the first. A more sparkling, lively, pleasant comedy, there is not in our language. And it is admirably acted, and put upon the stage with a perfectness of costume and richness of properties rarely seen even in the largest theatres. We can assure our readers that they will spend as agreeable an evening at the Olympic as before any stage in London. No lover of the drama should fail to see *The Relapse* before its race is run; but we hope it will be a longer one than is the lot of most dramas.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—The cram at the opera, last season, was nothing to the crowd nightly assembled at Covent Garden. Every corner of the house is filled; even standing-room is scarce. The military bands and Miss BRICH, the British Army Quadrilles and JULLIEN's American Polka, are attracting all

London. Never was there such a golden harvest to reward a spirited enterprise. Perhaps the brevity of the season has something to do with it. Covent Garden is to be fitted up for the new Italian Opera. It may be long before it will again witness a promenade concert; so people should go while they can enjoy the treat. Why does not the spirited and enterprising M. JULLIEN build a great concert-room for himself? It will be seen by the advertisement that a last grand *bal masque* is announced, to surpass all former ones in magnificence.

COLOSSEUM.—The reduced prices are bringing to this charming exhibition thousands who had not before enjoyed its various attractions. All who come are filled with wonder and delight, and scarcely know which most to admire, the noble saloon of art with its fine sculptures, that masterpiece of the painter's skill the panorama of London by day and by night, the Swiss Cottages, the mimic scenery of the Alps, the conservatory realizing the gorgeous visions of the Arabian Nights, or the stalactite cavern where Nature has been so closely copied by human ingenuity that she would scarcely know her own workmanship if placed side by side. No visitor from the country, for ever so short a time, should fail to visit the Colosseum.

DIORAMA.—Of all pictorial pleasures that London affords this is the most pleasing. So perfect is the deception that in a few minutes the spectator finds it difficult to convince himself that it is a mere picture upon which he is gazing, and over whose face are passing the various shades of evening, twilight, night, and day-break, summer and winter. This, too, is an exhibition which every visitor to town should place at the top of his list of sights to be seen.

THE WALHALLA, LEICESTER-SQUARE.—The number of exhibitions of this class, *Poses Plastiques, Tableaux Vivans*, &c. at present in London, and the uniform encouragement which they receive, exemplify in no slight degree the growing appreciation of the public for the beautiful in art and nature, which such exhibitions lead still further to cultivate. What promenade and other cheap concerts are effecting for music, we have no hesitation in saying these Living Pictures, and the wide diffusion of illustrated publications will effect for art; appealing, as they do, in each case, principally to a class of persons whose understanding of works of a higher order—of the first masters in either department—is as yet but limited, but whose perceptions are being gradually schooled to their comprehension. This is deducible from the fact that numbers of those who now visit such exhibitions would, not many years ago, have felt the same pleasure in the contemplation of the most impossible wax-work monstrosities. The Walhalla is the latest of the *Poses Plastiques* exhibitions established, and has certainly the "last improvements," being, to our way of thinking, the best in London. Madame WHARTON, its head and front, is, we believe, the original of the several "Venus rising from the Sea," which still remains perhaps the most popular tableau of the whole, a distinction to which this lady's beautiful delineation of the fair aphrodite renders it fully entitled. The greater number of the groups being from the best masters in painting and sculpture, makes the exhibition one of peculiar value to artists, to whom the living model is absolutely indispensable, notwithstanding certain absurd propositions lately promulgated with regard to its propriety. Persons who entertain any doubts on the subject,—any doubts of themselves, *honi soit qui mal y pense*,—had better not place themselves in the way of being offended; but to those who can admire a work of art for the sake of its beauty alone, we cordially recommend a visit to the Walhalla.

On Tuesday last her Royal Highness the Princess of HESSE, attended by the Earl of DENBIGH, Baron MEYSENBERG, Baroness SCHEEL, and a distinguished party of friends, visited the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and remained upwards of two hours, minutely examining the various models, dissolving views, diving-bell, electric telegraph, &c. Her Royal Highness manifested a particular desire to become thoroughly acquainted with the means of working the telegraph, which was carefully explained by one of the lecturers attached to the institution. Also, on the same day, a numerously attended meeting of the proprietors of the institution was held in the board-room, W. M. NUTTS, Esq. presiding, to determine on the expediency of permanently enlarging and otherwise improving this popular "temple of science." After much discussion among the proprietors as to the best mode of affording additional accommodation to the daily increasing number of visitors, it was unanimously carried—"That power be given to the directors to enter upon arrangements for the construction of a commodious theatre attached to the institution, the cost of such building to be defrayed by means of an annual rent from the institution." The directors were further authorised to negotiate for the purchase of an adjoining site, and to make definite arrangements with approved contractors for carrying out the selected architectural plan of the proposed theatre. From the statements made by the chairman and other gentlemen, it appears that the new building will cover an area equal to that which the gallery of the institution extends over, namely, 230 feet in length and 45 in width.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre. King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TUSSEAU'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE OLD AGE OF EARTH.

THERE are wondrous things on the aged earth, 'tis speeding to its close;
From the very heart of the prosperous world the prophet-thunder grows;
And as this sphere whirls round and round upon its endless way,
And as the laws of the universe from their boundless centres sway,
From the everlasting hills of Heaven look down a seraph-race,
And gaze upon the mighty change that speaks aloud through space:
With joy they hymn the Eternal, in whose embrace they live,
And strike the harp to Him who loves to pity and forgive.

Stands the Archangel Lucifer on a stormy planet near,
And the hollow sound of his mighty voice fills many worlds with fear;
"Vain earth," he said, "thy pigmy lords may strive from thee to rise,
May gape their hopes in frequent verse, may half philosophise,—
Build temples to the monarch Steam, be victors o'er the sea;
Their pride, their power shall disappear at one dark glance from me!
Oh! for the fierce wild rapture of that fast-approaching day,
When man and his brief dwelling in one storm are swept away!"

Far in the centre of all space burns the Eternal Throne,
Where God, unseen, ineffable, dwells in his light alone.
"My son," the One Existence said, "Earth speeds its course to thee,
And soon beneath thy rule of love its kingdoms shall be free.
The demons dream of fury, of swift-consuming fire,
Dream that the spirit of the Lord is stern, resentful ire;
But the whole universe shall know that mercy is divine,
Beloved son! men, angels, fiends, for evermore are thine."

ÆTOS.

NECROLOGY.

Dwarkanauth Tagore.

The last mail brings accounts down to the 22nd of September, from Calcutta, where, in the short space of forty-two days, the distressing news of the death of the great and estimable Asiatic Dwarkanauth Tagore, who died here in the beginning of August, had been received. This unexpected event created universal regret and consternation, for although he had left India in the beginning of the year in very impaired health, with the hope that the change of climate and scene might do him good, and his anticipations had not been realized during his short residence in Europe, no apprehensions seemed to be entertained here or there of the fatal termination of his disease—a slow nervous fever, with which he had been afflicted for many months before he left India. In his own country, with the exception of a few of the more bigotted Hindoos, who quailed under his liberal and all-enlivening measures for the improvement of his countrymen, no man could be more beloved and looked up to by all classes of society. Patriotic, princely, benevolent, generously liberal, his ever anxious endeavours were directed to the improvement of the moral character and the promotion of the social condition of his benighted countrymen. No sacrifice of health, no time, no labour, no expense, could oppose any obstacle to his humane exertions to promote those objects. His heart was set on the education of the people and the establishment of such noble

institutions as were likely to raise India in public estimation. Influenced by these noble motives, some four or five years ago he made a princely gift of 10,000*l.* towards their accomplishment, and now that death has closed his useful and brilliant career, we find, by his last will and testament, he has left a similar sum of 10,000*l.* for charitable purposes—a last, and we trust a lasting, proof of the noble and munificent tendency of this great man's mind and labours for the welfare of his country. Dwarkanauth Tagore has left considerable wealth; besides his Zumindaree properties, he had large capital in houses, bazaars, and mercantile pursuits, the whole of which he bequeaths in equal shares to his three sons (who, jointly with his European partner, are his executors), the eldest, a partner in his father's house of business at Calcutta; the second, also brought up to business; the third, here in London, prosecuting his education, in view, we trust, to future eminence.

REV. T. BROCKMAN.

Letters from Calcutta announce the death of the Rev. T. Brockman, an agent of the Royal Geographical Society—travelling for the purpose of geographical and antiquarian research in the Arabian peninsula. He had proceeded up the coast, from Aden to Sheha, mid-way betwixt Aden and Muscat. There, he took a boat; and coasted to Cape Ras-al-Gat,—landing at a place called Tzoor, in April. Being anxious to visit Muscat, he set forward in that direction: but was arrested by sickness at Wadi Beni Jabor,—where, after suffering for several days from fever, he died on the 26th of July.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

The Patent Journal and Inventor's Magazine. No. 22.

To all engaged in manufactures, as well as to all lovers of science, this weekly periodical must be right welcome. It is devoted to accounts of all new patents, inventions, and scientific discoveries, and is profusely illustrated with explanatory engravings. The number before us contains an interesting article on electric telegraphs, and a specification of AINSLIE'S useful machine for the making of tiles and bricks.

SULPHURETTED HYDROGEN AND SULPHURIC ACID.—M. Dumas has experimentally proved, that under particular circumstances sulphuretted hydrogen is converted into sulphuric acid. Volcanic vapours containing both these compounds, after being deprived of all their free sulphuric acid, soon change the carbonate of lime of the soil into sulphate of lime. The sulphurous baths of Aix in Savoy, mostly constructed of calcareous stone, disintegrate, and become covered with crystals of gypsum. The iron of the doors and windows, also, is rapidly transformed into the sulphate of iron. Besides these phenomena, M. Dumas has observed another remarkable case not previously noticed at Aix. The linen curtains that divide the baths are readily impregnated with free sulphuric acid. In a few weeks its presence is very evident, the linen is entirely altered, and if it be kept in a box without washing, it breaks up spontaneously, and falls into powder by the slightest rubbing; yet it is certain that the waters of Aix contain no free sulphuric acid. He concludes that sulphuretted hydrogen mixed with air under the influence of a porous body, especially linen, and at a slightly elevated temperature, is slowly converted into sulphuric acid.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC'S Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

457. RICHARD STREET, late of the New Inn, Tottenham-court-road. Something to advantage.

458. NEXT OF KIN of RICHARD EVANS, late cook belonging to the merchant ship *St. George* (died at sea on 11th February, 1837.) Something to advantage.

459. A gentleman of the name of GAZDOV, formerly a resident of St. Thomas, Liverpool, or his heirs. Something to advantage.

460. REAL and PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVES of any child or children of the marriage of ROBERT WOOLLEY, late of St. Margaret's, Rochester, and Betsy, his wife (formerly Betsy Lomas.)
461. RICHARD GIRDLER, son of John Girdler, who formerly resided at Bill Hill, near Wokingham, Berks. *Something to advantage.*
462. CHILDREN of the sisters and brother of the Rev. JOHN FLETCHER WILKINSON, late of Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, Middlesex, doctor of physic (died 27th February, 1828), or their representatives.
463. NEXT OF KIN and PERSONS entitled to distributive shares of the estate of ANTONI PANTALEO HOWE, late of Bath, lunatic (died January 1830), or their representatives.
464. RELATIONS OF NEXT OF KIN of SALLY ARNOLD, late of 16, Moorterrace, Peckham New Town, Surrey. *Something to advantage.*
465. THOMAS LACEY, son of Thomas and Sarah Lacey, spinsters, of Norwich, or any child or children of his. *Something to advantage.*
466. HENRIETTA HALLIDAY, a native of Dumfries, who left Scotland 24 years ago, afterwards resided in England, and who was twice married. *Something to advantage.*
467. WILLIAM YATE, son of Mr. Oldfield Yate, a surgeon at Wantage. *Something to advantage.*
468. SARAH WRIGHT, daughter of the late Mr. Anthony Nunes and Mrs. Sarah Clark. *Something to advantage.*
469. SAMUEL POTTER, who formerly resided at Kennington, and, in 1817, married Mary Ann Skeat, of that place. *Something to advantage.*
470. CHILD or CHILDREN of EDWARD INGE, of Coventry, Esq. and of J. K. INGE, of Scarborough, Yorkshire, Esq.
(To be continued weekly.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

The volumes of THE CRITIC handsomely, strongly, and uniformly bound, as they are completed, at 4s. 6d. each.
The stamped numbers may be transmitted by the post, open at the ends, addressed to the Publisher, with a distinctive mark, of which advice should be given in a letter directing how the volumes, when bound, shall be returned.
A Portfolio on a new and convenient plan for preserving the current numbers of THE CRITIC may be had at the office, or, by order, through any bookseller in town or country. Price 4s.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SIR HUDSON LOWE'S PAPERS.—The Paris *Siccle* says,—"The Royal library has purchased, from a dealer in autographs, all the papers of the late Sir Hudson Lowe. Amongst them are his official correspondence with the British Government, the letters of the English admirals on the station of St. Helena, the correspondence of the representatives of the Allied Powers, &c. The owner, having been unable to find a purchaser among the wealthy personages of either France or England, has been obliged to sell them at a low price to the Royal library." On inquiry at the Royal library we find that the above papers have been offered for sale, but the offer has not been accepted, the price demanded being deemed too high.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

To encourage the study of sacred literature, the Council of King's College, London, has instituted a divinity Scholarship of 30*l*. The subjects for this year are:—The prophetic and typical parts of the Pentateuch; the first ten Psalms in Hebrew; the Acts of the Apostles in Greek; with Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*; Davison on Prophecy; Bishop Pearson on the Creed (Art. 1 and 2); Jewell's Apology; and the Book of Common Prayer.—*King's College Calendar.*

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury having had under their consideration an application from an eminent firm, requesting that Prussian books may be admitted into this country at the reduced rates provided in the treaty of international copyright, recently concluded between this country and Prussia, notwithstanding that the said books may have been stamped at Leipsic, and not at a town in Prussia, the Commissioners of the Customs Department have received a communication from Mr. Parker, one of the Secretaries to the Treasury, stating that he has been commanded by their lordships to transmit for their information a copy of a letter from the Board of Trade on the subject, and to desire that they would admit the Prussian books, with the stamp of the Saxon authorities thereon, which have been imported by the memorialists, at the low rate of duty. Mr. Parker also intimates to the Commissioners in this communication that he had received directions from their lordships further to state to them that their lordships concur in the opinions expressed in the Board's report, and in that of the

Board of Trade—viz. that books published in Prussia, and stamped in Saxony, or any other state which may have acceded to the convention, should be treated as Prussian, and *vice versa*; and that it was their lordships' desire that the Board would give the necessary directions to their officers to admit the same at the duty prescribed by the convention to be levied upon books published in Prussia and imported into this country with the Prussian stamp affixed.

THE PORT BURNS.—The *Elgin Courier* says:—A very interesting document, relating to the excise services of Burns, has been kindly handed to us by James Melville, esq. collector of excise in this district. It is the diary of the Dumfries collection and district, from the 17th of January to the 5th of March, 1796—the district in which Mr. Findlater, the friend of Burns, was supervisor. The entries, which are very numerous, relate to the routine duties of an excise officer, in the performance of which Burns was always highly commended by his supervisor. Indeed, from the humblest officer to the head of the local department in the Dumfries collection, testimony is borne to his efficiency and mild deportment. Burns is recorded as being indefatigable in the performance of his duties. The diary, however, reports Burns on duty; but it appears that from October 1795, to the January following, he was confined to his house. He is shortly after (March 5) represented in declining health. Rheumatism and loss of appetite, deprived of refreshing sleep, and in dejected spirits, form a summary of the imprints of death on this neglected luminary. Writing under this impression to Thomson, he states, "I close my eyes in misery, and open them without hope." Only four months from the date of Collector Melville's diary—days and nights, weeks of serious reflection—earth was restored to earth—the eyes of Burns having closed on this world the 21st of July, 1795. "A spirit of independence," says Wilson, "reigned alike in the genius and the character of Burns," a meet finale to our brief relic of his laborious manhood.—*Edinburgh Witness.*

THE BLIND TRAVELLER.—The celebrated blind traveller, Lieut. Holman, has returned to this country, after an absence of upwards of six years, during which time he visited Portugal and Spain, Algeria, and all the places in the Mediterranean, penetrated Egypt and Syria, crossed the desert to Jerusalem, and finally made an extensive tour through the least frequented parts of the south-east of Europe, including Hungary, Transylvania, Servia, Bosnia, &c. As on all former occasions, this extraordinary man travelled perfectly alone. He has returned in perfect health and spirits.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

A DAMPER TO ELOQUENCE.—Amusing scenes occur occasionally in grave assemblies. During the late session of the New Hampshire legislature, a newly-fledged orator rose to make his maiden speech in the House of Representatives. A bill had been brought in to tax bank dividends, and, watching his opportunity, the *debutant* addressed the members:—"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Dover, who introduced this bill, does not seem to be aware of its inevitable results. He would *strip the widow*" (roars of laughter, and cries of "The widow who?" "What widow?" "Not in this public hall, I hope," &c.) As soon as the tumult had subsided in some degree, and the orator could make himself heard, he indignantly proceeded:—"Gentlemen need not think to put me down by clamour. Is there no sympathy here for the widow and the orphan? I say, Sir, this is worse than stripping. Put on this tax, and I say you drive the widow to her *last shift*." Here the clamour became so great, that the speaker, despairing of a hearing, resumed his seat. It was almost ten minutes before the house could transact its regular business.—*New York Paper.*

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Nov. 7 to Nov. 14.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Allison's (M. A.) Guide to English History and Biography, Revised and Enlarged by the Rev. Dr. Brewer, 6th edit. 18mo. 3s. cl.—Allee Cunningham's, or, the Christian as Daughter, Sister, Friend, and Wife, by Emma Jane; post 8vo. 5s. cl.—Anderson's (Rev. R.) Life and Letters, 4th edit. fcap. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Arnold's (J. B.) Lira Armonica, Original Music, by the First Composer, folio, 21s. cl.—Articles of the Church of England in English and Latin, 18mo. 1s. 6d. swd.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, Vol. II. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Bennett's (John, D.D.) Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Bishop's (W.) Complete System of Foot and Equitation Drills, 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.

Carpmael's (W.) Law of Patents Explained, 4th edit. 8vo. 5s. bds.—Cesar Borgia, an Historical Romance, by the Author of Whitefriars, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Carpenter's (Dr. W. B.) Principles of Human Physiology, 3rd edit. 8vo. 21s. cl.—Churton's English County Calendar, 1847, post 8vo. 9s. cl.—Chambrault's (L.) Fables Choieses, New Edition, by A. Picquot, 18mo. 2s. cl.

Dax's (E. T.) New Book of Costs, in the Superior Courts of Common Law at Westminster, &c. 12mo. 21s. cl.

Education for the People, a Letter Addressed to the Bishop of Ripon, by the Rev. Scott F. Surtees, 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Ellis's (A.) Lectures and Observations on Clinical Surgery, post 8vo. 9s. cl.—Eytton's (T. C.) Herd Book of Hereford Cattle, Vol. I. post 8vo. 12s. cl.

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